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SEVENTY-EIGHTH YEAR, NO. 43

THE MIDLANDERS

BY
CHARLES
TENNEY
JACKSON

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HE BOBBS—
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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

When she came to the neat houses High street the eyes of early housees, airing their rugs, caught her y figure; they whispered to the sehold, and noses flattened against panes to watch her pass. Already pite Mr. Curran's effort to hold story for the Sunday papers, the n was buzzing with Aurelie Lindm's notoriety. It was aghast, it incredulous; but when she pass t ran to see and whispered. When neared the Square and passed a where the cheerful anvils rang, was conscious that the work stopand the smiths came out of the haze in their leather aprons to e after her; and when a farm on came along, heaped with frostcorn, the hired man hailed her; when she passed the Hub Cloth-Store, a dapper clerk called: llo, Aurelie!" And all the other ks and the proprietor gathered n-mouthed, to whisper.

he set her shoulders straighter and rched on into the News office The or arose hastily and stared at her. n he sighed and came to her with hand out. "Aurelie, I see it now!"

What?" she asked innocently.

The beauty winner! Oh, we're a of chumps around this old town! e you grew up among us and noy ever suspected. You're the most utiful girl I ever saw!"

he sat down perplexedly. Jim ns, the tramp printer, toothless whisky-soaked, grinned at her r his case. Aleck, the press boy, pped his work. Rube Van Hart, broken-down ball player, stuffing papers into the stove, lifted his hy awkwardly: "Morning, Aue!"

ll the world seemed radiant with ndliness! The editor had her hand refused to drop it. His eyes were ht with eagerness.

Right here in my old shop," he , "is Cinderella!"

he looked seriously at him. She never known anybody like Wiley Curran. He seemed like a man had produced a miracle when he ely meant to knock out his pipe. re it was, the sparks flew, and he ly stood on tiptoes smiling at him! Irishman had to believe in them.

Miss Cinderella," went on Curran, ere come the Chronicle men now n the Parsons House. Those peosent Max Jerome down to sketch —the topnotch illustrator in the iness."

he had never heard of him. Two came in: one fat, short, busyking; the other a lanky youth who down a flat case of card paers turned a good-humored ironical directly on her.

And you're Aurelie Lindstrom," he . "Well, well!"

he stout little man took her hand mly at Curran's introduction. e Chronicle wants to congratulate . Miss Lindstrom. It's great! ran, here, has been telling about "—he looked flustered for a min—"and it's great stuff! But we t want these state papers to get in this until we spread on it Sunday nderstand! Don't let 'em get your ure, or buzz you. And we got to e that eleven-twenty train from Junction" — he looked at his ch—"and Max wants to sketch We're going to run a three-colborder on the sup that's a pippin. t till you see that Carmen effect ours in the Chronicle layout. It's g to make 'em sit up."

he didn't understand a word of it. looked appealingly at Mr. Cur- Then she was conscious that , the artist, was sketching her tly, silently, glancing first at her then at the light in the News' y windows and then at his board. Say," went on the assistant Suneditor, "I'm mighty glad you got Miss Lindstrom. You see the onicle contest was straight—it no frame-up for one of these girls, who are always butting n these things. I tell you I never so pleased at anything as to find didn't know a thing about it!"

Not a blamed thing," cried Mr. ran, "till I told her! Why, I even ot I ever sent those pictures in. most beautiful woman—" He ed at her, and then broke off rnfully: "Say, Dickinson, the er, telephoned in this morning an awful roar. Pulled his adising out of the News and stopped paper, because I sent in his girl's ure. And she didn't get a look-

he Sunday editor chuckled. Max ed ironically. He came to Aurelie a deft firm touch of his white ers. "A little more to the light, Lindstrom. Just that—there." stopped thoughtfully and looked n again. "Your hair—you couldn't e it done better on Michigan ave- Some women can, you know, some can't—some can't even buy He went back to his sketches. ere's a curious trick about you—" began to work, and then stopped laid down his pencil.

What's the matter, Max?" grunthe newspaper man.

ax was watching her strangely. muttered; then he said, without rd to his companion: "Miss dstrom, do you know you interme more than anything I've done e I did some girls in Algiers. You ere's a bit of the Orient about —or Mexico."

'm a Creole, I think," she said, sively. "Oh, yes," the editor put "Curran was saying. Your story mantic, Miss Lindstrom. I've seen s like you on Royal street. Not y, but once in a while a Creole with a beautiful face. But your story, Miss Lindstrom—great stuff—we're going to flash it big." He looked at his watch busily. "Max, you better kick in hard—"

And in the silence she discovered again that the artist had stopped to watch her and his ironical smile was gone. Presently she heard him mutter and resume work, but ever and again he stopped to study her dreamily.

"Got Max going," drawled the Sunday editor, "and they don't pass bad ones on Max. And the chaps who picked your picture, Miss Lindstrom, out of all that bunch—thousands and thousands of 'em—why, they're no slouches either. There was Pixley of the Art Institute, and Martineau, who has charge of the Philadelphia collection, and Benny Booth, who does that girl stuff for the syndicate. Three guys who ought to know. And they picked you!"

She sighed luxuriantly and said nothing. Wiley was aghast at all this complacence. He followed her eyes, which were fixed on the morning peace of the courthouse lawn under the maples. Up the bluff she heard the bob-whites calling, and the gleam of a dove's wing came before the window.

The most beautiful woman!

One does not easily grasp it, if one has lived an obscure life of common duties in a gray little world; at times hungry, chilled, hurt with rebuff, undershot with sadness. One may wander the world striving for gain or fame, dig for treasure, grow old, dim-eyed, seeking applause, admiration, love—but here, at once, without asking, seeking nothing, knowing nothing, the jinne had come and broken the magic vase at her feet!

She sighed again, her luxurious peace. The garrulous Sunday editor's voice came faintly through her dream. "When you come to Chicago the paper will entertain you. The old man himself is crazy about that picture—wants a special wire as to what Max thought of you. When you get some clothes—er—Miss—Miss—"

"Not a bit," retorted Max. "It would be a sin to put anything on her. Look at her! In the door-frame—the maples on the bluff beyond her—the sun on that sumac! That little gown, the circlet in her hair, the flower—good God, girl, did you get yourself up for this?"

She smiled complacently. "They make fun of me," she murmured, and Max growled an unintelligible anathema on Rome, Iowa.

And while she sat there with the eyes of the silent men upon her, a step sounded upon the sidewalk. Harlan came past. Her face grew rigid when he saw her. He appeared about to swing into the News office in his old genial fashion to see Wiley. Then he met Aurelie's blank gaze and gazed as blankly at her. She saw his big sensitive nose quiver, he stared furiously at Max and his work, so furiously that she was frightened and tried to speak to him. But her voice failed her, and Harlan, looking now at her, spoke doggedly.

"Aurelie, are you going into this?"

"Into this?"

"This abominable contest—going to have your picture in and all the stuff printed about you!"

He was mad with despair, it seemed; he almost leaped in the doorway. "You shan't!" he roared.

"Yes, I shall!" She looked fixedly at him. "I just made up my mind. I'm just going in for everything and be somebody!"

The young man stared at her. Then he whirled about, looked at her from the sidewalk and went on without answer. And Aurelie turned a pale face back to Max and tried to smile.

"Who," said the Sunday editor, "is that damned fool?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The New York Governorship

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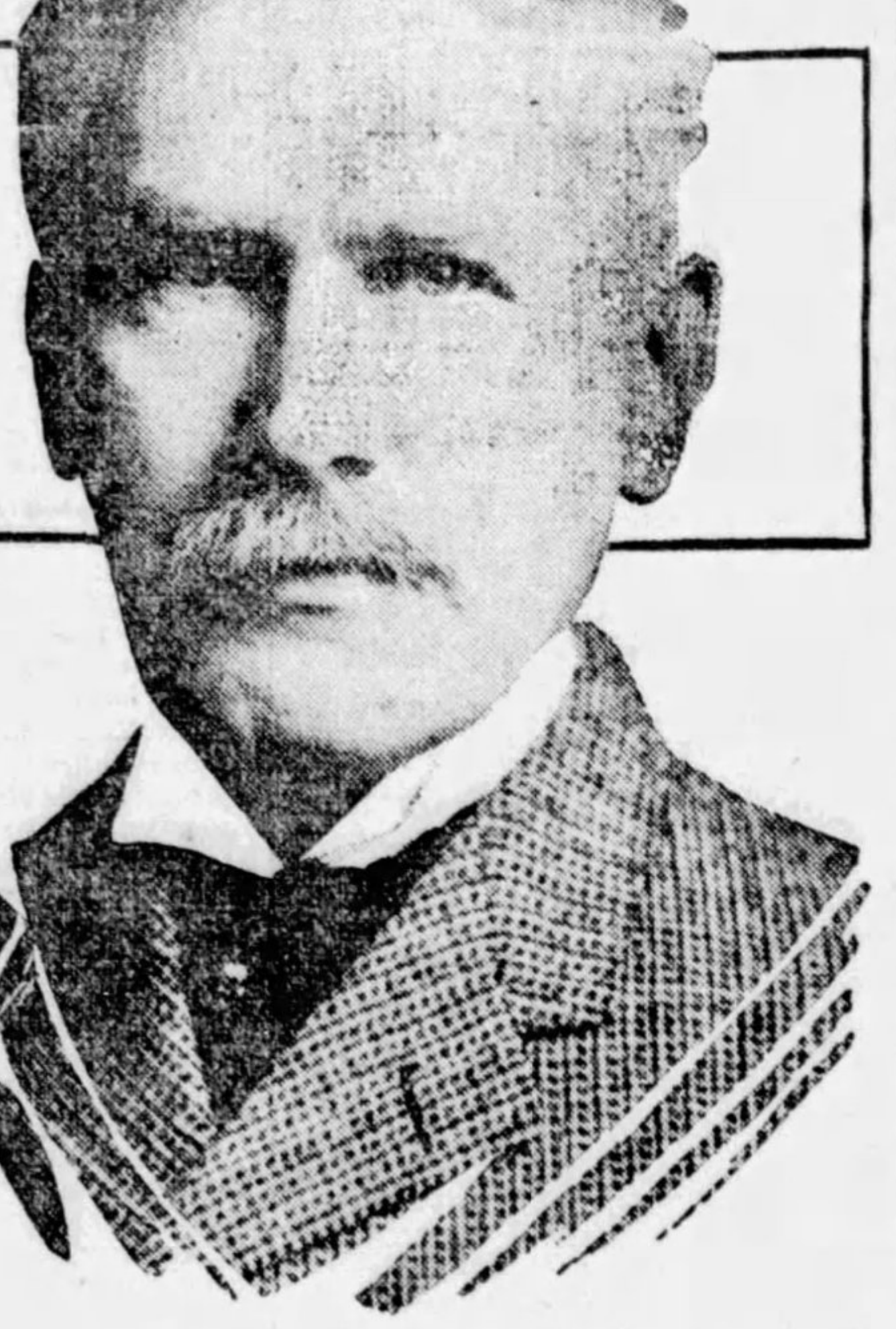
"Senator Platt picked me for the nomination. He was entirely frank in his manner, but he deferred to the judgment of those who insisted that I was the only man who could be elected."



"Mr. Quigg spoke very frankly to me, stating that he earnestly desired to see me nominated and believed that the great body of Republican voters in the state so desired."

IN September, 1898, the First Volunteer Cavalry, in company with most of the rest of the Fifth Army Corps, was disembarked at Montauk Point. Shortly after it was disbanded; and a few days later I was nominated for governor of New York by the Republican party. Timothy L. Woodruff was nominated for lieutenant governor. He was my stanch friend throughout the term of our joint service.

The Party Situation.

The previous year, the machine or standpat Republicans, who were under the domination of Senator Platt, had come to a complete break with the anti-machine element over the New York mayoralty. This had brought the Republican party to a smash, not only in New York city, but in the state, where the Democratic candidate for chief judge of the court of appeals, Alton B. Parker, was elected by 60,000 or 80,000 majority. Mr. Parker was an able man, a lieutenant of Mr. Hill's, standing close to the conservative Democrats of the Wall Street type. These conservative Democrats were planning how to wrest the Democratic party from the control of Mr. Bryan. They hailed Judge Parker's victory as a Godsend. The judge at once loomed up as a presidential possibility, and was carefully groomed for the position by the New York Democratic machine and its financial allies in the New York business world.

The Only Way to Win.

The Republicans realized that the chances were very much against them. Acordingly the leaders were in a chastened mood and ready to nominate any candidate with whom they thought there was a chance of winning. I was the only possibility, and accordingly, under pressure from certain of the leaders who recognized this fact, and who responded to popular pressure, Senator Platt picked me for the nomination. He was entirely frank in the matter. He made no pretense that he liked me personally; but he deferred to the judgment of those who insisted that I was the only man who could be elected, and that therefore I had to be nominated.

Foremost among the leaders who pressed me on Mr. Platt (who "pestered' him about me, to use his own words) were Mr. Quigg, Mr. Odell—then state chairman of the Republican organization, and afterward governor—and Mr. Hazel, now United States judge. Judge Hazel did not know me personally, but felt that the sentiment in his city, Buffalo, demanded my nomination, and that the then Republican governor, Mr. Black, could not be re-elected. Mr. Odell, who hardly knew me personally, felt the same way about Mr. Black's chances, and, as he had just taken the state chairmanship, he was very anxious to win a victory. Mr. Quigg knew me quite well personally; he had been in touch with me for years, while he was a reporter on the "Tribune," and also when he edited a paper in Montana; he had been on good terms with me while he was in congress and I was civil service commissioner, meeting me often in company with my special cronies in congress—men like Lodge, Speaker Tom Reed, Greenhalge, Butterworth and Dolliver—and he had urged my appointment as police commisisoner on Mayor Strong.

Mr. Quigg Calls on Me.

It was Mr. Quigg who called on me at Montauk Point to sound me about the governorship; Mr. Platt being by no means enthusiastic over Mr. Quigg's mission, largely because he disapproved of the Spanish war and of my part in bringing it about. Mr. Quigg saw me in my tent, in which he spent a couple of hours with me, my brother-in-law, Douglas Robinson, being also present. Quigg spoke very frankly to me, stating that he earnestly desired to see me nominated and believed the great body of Republican voters in the state so desired, but that the organization and the state convention would finally do what Senator Platt desired. He said that county leaders were already coming to Senator Platt, hinting at a close election, expressing doubt of Governor Black's availability for re-election, and asking why it would not be a good thing to nominate me; that now that I had returned to the United States this would go on more and more all the time, and that he (Quigg) did not wish that these men should be discouraged and be sent back to their localities to suppress a rising sentiment in my favor. For this reason he said that he wanted from me a plain statement as to whether or not I wanted the nomination, and as to what would be my attitude toward the organization in the event of my nomination and election, whether or not I would "make war" on Mr. Platt and his friends, or whether I would confer with them and with the organization leaders generally, and give fair consideration to their point of view as to party policy and public interest. He said he had not come to make me any offer of the nomination and had no authority to do so, nor to get any pledges or promises. He simply wanted a frank definition of my attitude toward existing party conditions.

My Reply.

To this I replied that I should like to be nominated, and if nominated would promise to throw myself into the campaign with all possible energy. I said that I should not make war on Mr. Platt or anybody else if war could be avoided; that what I wanted was to be governor and not a faction leader; that I certainly would confer with the organization men, as with everybody else who seemed to me to have knowledge of any interest in public affairs, and that as to Mr. Platt and the organization leaders, I should do so in sincere hope that there might always result harmony of opinion and purpose; but that while I would try to get on well with the organization, the organization must with equal sincerity strive to do what I regarded as essential for the public good; and that in every case, after full consideration of what everybody had to say who might possess real knowledge of the matter, I should have to act finally as my own judgment and conscience dictated and administer the state government as I thought it ought to be administered. Quigg said that this was precisely what he supposed I would say, that it was all anybody could expect, and that he would state it to Senator Platt precisely as I had put it to him, which he accordingly did; and, throughout my term as governor, Quigg lived loyally up to our understanding.

An Aggressive Campaign.

After being nominated, I made a hard and aggressive campaign through the state. My opponent was a respectable man, a judge, behind whom stood Mr. Croker, the boss of Tammany Hall. My object was to make the people understand that it was Croker and not the nominal candidate who was my real opponent; that the choice lay between Crokerism and myself. Croker was a powerful and truculent man, the autocrat of his organization, and of a domineering nature. For his own reasons he insisted upon Tammany's turning down an excellent Democratic judge who was a candidate for re-election. This gave me my chance. Under my attack, Croker, who was a stalwart fighting man and who would not take an attack tamely, himself came to the front. I was able to fix the contest in the public mind as one between himself and myself; and, against all probabilities, I won by the rather narrow margin of 18,000 plurality.

As I have already said, there is a lunatic fringe to every reform movement. At least nine-tenths of all the sincere reformers supported me; but the ultra-pacificists, the so-called anti-imperialists, or anti-militarists, or peace-at-any-price men, preferred Croker to me; and another knot of extremists who had at first ardently insisted that I must be "forced" on Platt, as soon as Platt supported me themselves opposed me because he supported me. After election John Hay wrote me as follows: "While you are governor, I believe the party can be made solid as never before. You have already shown that a man may be absolutely honest and yet practical; a reformer by instinct and a wise politician; brave, bold, and uncompromising, and yet not a wild ass of the desert. The exhibition made by the professional independents in voting against you for no reason on earth except that somebody else was voting for you, is a lesson that is worth its cost."

The Fear of Mr. Bryan.

At that time boss rule was at its zenith. Mr. Bryan's candidacy in 1896 on a free silver platform had threatened such frightful business disaster as to make the business men, the wage-workers, and the professional classes generally, turn eagerly to the Republican party. East of the Mississippi the Republican vote for Mr. McKinley was larger by far than it had been for Abraham Lincoln in the days when the life of the Nation was at stake. Mr. Bryan championed many sorely needed reforms in the interest of the plain people; but many of his platform proposals, economic and otherwise, were of such character that to have put them into practice would have meant to plunge all our people into conditions far worse than any of those for which he sought a remedy. The free silver advocates included sincere and upright men who were able to make a strong case for their position; but with them and dominating them were all the believers in the complete or partial repudiation of national, state and private debts; and not only the business men but the workingmen grew to feel that under these circumstances too heavy a price could not be paid to avert the Democratic triumph. The fear of Mr. Bryan threw almost all the leading men of all classes into the arms of whoever opposed him.

The Republican bosses, who were already very powerful, and who were already in fairly close alliance with the privileged interests, now found everything working to their advantage. Good and high minded men of conservative temperament in their panic played into the hands of the ultra-reactionaries of business and politics. The alliance between the two kinds of privilege, political and financial, was closely cemented; and wherever there was any atempt to break it up, the cry was at once raised that this merely represented another phase of the assault on national honesty and individual mercantile integrity. As so often happens, the excesses and threats of an unwise and extreme radicalism had resulted in immensely strengthening the position of the beneficiaries of reaction. This was the era when the Standard Oil Co. achieved the mastery of Pennsylvania politics so far-reaching and so corrupt that it is difficult to describe it without seeming to exaggerate.

Mr. Platt and Big Business.

In New York state United States Senator Platt was the absolute boss of the Republican party. "Big business" was back of him; yet at the time this, the most important element in his strength, was only imperfectly understood. It was not until I was elected governor that I myself came to understand it. We were still accustomed to talking of the "machine" as if it were something merely political, with which business had nothing to do. Senator Platt did not use his political position to advance his private fortunes — therein differing absolutely from many other political bosses. He lived in hotels and had few extravagant tastes. Indeed, I could not find that he had any tastes at all except for politics, and on rare occasions for a very dry theology wholly divorced from moral implications. But big business men contributed to him large sums of money, which enabled him to keep his grip on the machine and secured for them the help of the machine if they were threatened with adverse legislation. The contributions were given in the guise of contributions for campaign purposes, of money for the good of the party; when the money was contributed there was rarely talk of specific favors in return. *

It was simply put into Mr. Platt's hands and treated by him as in the campaign chest. Then he distributed it in the districts where it was most needed by the candidates and organization leaders. Ordinarily no pledge was required from the latter to the bosses, any more than it was required by the business men from Mr. Platt or his lieutenants. No pledge was needed. It was all a "gentlemen's understanding." As the senator once said to me, if a man's character was such that it was necessary to get a promise from him, it was clear proof that his character was such that the promise would not be worth anything after it was made.

Two Types of Party Support.

It must not be forgotten that some of the worst practices of the machine in dealings of the kind represented merely virtues in the wrong place, virtues wrenched out of proper relation to their surroundings. A man in a doubtful district might win only because of the help Mr. Platt gave him: he might be a decent young fellow without money enough to finance his own campaign, who was able to finance it only because Platt of his own accord found it out or was apprised of his need and advanced the money. Such a man felt grateful, and, because of his good qualities, joined with the purely sordid and corrupt heelers and crooked politicians to become part of the Platt machine. In his turn Mr. Platt was recognized by the business men, the big contributors, as an honorable man; not only a man of his word, but a man who whenever he received a favor, could be trusted to do his best to repay it on any occasion that arose. I believe that usually the contributors, and the recipient, sincerely felt that the transaction was proper and subserved the cause of good politics and good business; and, indeed, as regards the major part of the contributions it is probable that this was the fact, and that the only criticism that could properly be made about the contributions was that they were not made with publicity—and at that time neither the parties nor the public had any realization that publicity was necessary, or any adequate understanding of the dangers of the "invisible empire" which throve by what was done in secrecy. Many, probably most, of the contributors of this type never wished anything personal in exchange for their contributions, and made them with sincere patriotism, desiring in return only that the government should be conducted on a proper basis. Unfortunately it was, in practice, exceedingly difficult to distinguish these men from the others who contributed big sums to the various party bosses with the expectation of gaining concrete and personal advantages (in which the bosses shared) at the expense of the general public. It was very hard to draw the line between these two types of contributors.

Corporations as Contributors.

There was but one kind of money contribution as to which it seemed to me absolutely impossible for either the contributor or the recipient to disguise to themselves the evil meaning of the contribution. This was where a big corporation contributed to both political parties. I knew of one such case where in a state campaign a big corporation which had many dealings with public officials frankly contributed in the neighborhood of $100,000 to one campaign fund and $50,000 to the campaign fund of the other side—and, I believe, made some further substantial contributions in the same ratio of $2 to one side for every $1 given to the other. The contributors were Democrats, and the big contributions went to the Democratic managers. The Republican was elected, and after his election, when a matter came up affecting the company, in which its interests were hostile to those of the general public, the successful candidate, then holding a high state office, was approached in his campaign managers and the situation put frankly before him. He was less disturbed than astonished, and remarked: "Why, I thought So-and-so and his associates were Democrats and subscribed to the Democratic campaign fund." "So they did," was the answer; "they subscribed to them twice as much as they subscribed to us, but if they had had any idea that you intended doing what you now say you will do, they would have subscribed it all to the other side, and more too." The state official in his turn answered that he was very sorry if any one had subscribed under a misapprehension, that it was no fault of his, for he had stated definitely and clearly his position, that he of course had no money wherewith himself to return what without his knowledge had been contributed, and that all he could say was that any man who had subscribed to his campaign fund under the impression that the receipt of the subscription would be a bar to the performance of public duty was sadly mistaken.

The Control by the Bosses.

The control of Mr. Platt and his lieutenants over the organization was well-nigh complete. There were splits among the bosses, and insurgent movements now and then, but the ordinary citizens had no control over the political machinery except in a very few districts. There were, however, plenty of good men in politics, men who either came from districts where there was popular control, or who represented a genuine aspiration towards good citizenship on the part of some boss or group of bosses, or else who had been nominated frankly for reasons of expediency by bosses whose attitude towards good citizenship was at best one of Gallio-like indifference. At the time when I was nominated for governor, as later when Mr. Hughes was nominated and renominated for governor, there was no possibility of securing the nomination unless the bosses permitted it. In each case the bosses, the machine leaders, took a man for whom they did not care, because he was the only man with whom they could win. In the case of Mr. Hughes there was of course also the fact of pressure from the national administration. But the bosses were never overcome in a fair fight, when they had made up their minds to fight, until the Saratoga convention in 1910, when Mr. Stimson was nominated for governor.

The Business of Politics.

Senator Platt had the same inborn capacity for the kind of politics which he liked that many big Wall street men have shown for not wholly dissimilar types of finance. It was his chief interest, and he applied himself to it unremittingly. He handled his private business successfully; but it was politics in which he was absorbed, and he concerned himself therewith every day in the year. He had built up an excellent system of organization, and the necessary funds came from corporations and men of wealth who contributed as I have described above. The majority of the men with a natural capacity for organization leadership of the type which has generally been prevalent in New York politics turned to Senator Platt as their natural chief and helped build up the organization, until under his leadership it became more powerful and in a position of greater control than any other Republican machine in the country, excepting in Pennsylvania. The Democratic machines in some of the big cities, as in New York and Boston, and the country Democratic machine of New York under David B. Hill, were probably even more efficient, representing an even more complete mastery by the bosses, and an even greater degree of drilled obedience among the henchmen. It would be an entire mistake to suppose that Mr. Platt's lieutenants were either all bad men or all influenced by unworthy motives. He was constantly doing favors for men. He had won the gratitude of many good men. In the country districts especially, there were many places where his machine included the majority of the best citizens, the leading and substantial citizens, among the inhabitants. Some of his strongest and most efficient lieutenants were disinterested men of high character.

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*Each nation has its own pet sins to which it is merciful, and also sins which it treats as most abhorrent. In America we are peculiarly sensitive about big money contributions for which the donors expect any reward. In England, where in some ways the standard is higher than here, such contributions are accepted as a matter of course, nay, as one of the methods by which wealthy men obtain peerages. It would be well-nigh an impossibility for a man to secure a seat in the United States Senate by mere campaign contributions, in the way that seats in the British House of Lords have often been secured without any scandal being caused thereby.

NOME, THE GOLD CITY

New York Evening Sun.

MINING of precious metal, which has been the cause of the building of more than one inaccessible, impossible city, never produced anything stranger in this respect than Nome, which has just been beaten down almost into its native sands by a hurricane from the Behring Sea. Silver mothered Potosi, the highest city of its size and civilization in Bolivia and in the world. Gold was the parent and the nurse of Nome, which, all things considered, has deserved to be known as the least habitable city of the globe.

Nome's qualifications for such an extraordinary distinction arose from several facts. To begin with, the place is the most northern settlement worthy of the name of a town in the New World, and comes within one or two of being the most northerly of the world entire. Tromso and Bodo in the Norwegian extreme north lie a short way nearer the pole in point of actual distance, but no nearer in respect to their climate.

No mere hyperborean site could suffice, however, to give Nome its discouraging remoteness. It is built like Atlantic City, on the sands beside an open sea, without any harbor, roadstead or bight whatever to break the force of waves and tides. Materially the northern ocean is more grim and more hungry for sacrifices than the sailors of our latitudes can conceive. Since Nome is accessible only by sea, and since it depends on the outer world for nearly everything that it eats, wears or builds, it seems wonderful that the place could have subsisted, as it has subsisted on supplies brought ashore from such ships as anchored in the open expanse of Behring Sea.

None the less the shipping to Nome from San Francisco and Seattle has gone on as regularly as the storms and seasons permitted for 13 years past, and the Nome resident obtains his fresh provisions and even his newspapers during most of the year. For several winter months he is naturally cut off, since great ice floes grind along the shores and make approach by vessels too forlorn a hope for even the taste of a North Pacific sailor. Nome is supplied from the outside during most of the year, but during the bitter winter it must live on its fat—on resources stored up in advance. Naturally under these conditions the price of commodities keeps up as high as the high northern latitude, and for years, so costly is wintering, a good half of the population have paid their passage money to the States rather than fight it out all winter with the Alaskan wolf at the door in the shape of high prices for food and fuel.

Add to this that Nome has time and again been swept by disastrous storms, and that it stands on as depressingly desolate a beach as one could hope to find, and the question rises within one, with the inflection almost of incredulity; what motive was strong enough to make men build a full-fledged city in such a place? The building of Nome, of course, was simply a case of the triumph of gold fever over the chills and fogs of Behring Straits.

There was nothing in the neighborhood of Cape Nome until 1898, save an undiscovered streak of gold-bearing sand in the beach. The very name of the cape was eloquent of the emptiness of the region. "Nome" was apparently a draughtsman's corruption of the inscription "? Name" attached to a nameless caps on the original from which he drew the first standard map. The nameless cape is eloquent when one bears in mind that names are the last thing that fails in the ultimate solitudes. Here was a region where not even names had been scattered.

Yet some one blundered on the beach of paying sand in 1898, and the very next summer, that is, as soon as the news could well bring a party of gold seekers, digging began on a considerable scale. Another autumn brought back tales of the Nome placers, and another spring, 1900, brought one of those stupendous rushes of miners which stand out here and there in the history of gold mining. With the rush came extraordinary prices for the throng had one stronger passion than gold—the need to eat and drink and be merry; and they had the yellow metal to pay for their wants at almost any price.

At its greatest the population of Nome is estimated to have reached 20,000. The wild, crowded first days were the heyday of the place. By 1903 the town was well organized, with a municipal government and an effective police and the carnival quality of life at Nome began to decline. But so did the population. By now it has been reduced to some 4,000 in summer and half that many in winter.

THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"My informant, however, inclines to the belief that Alexander Blair is wrong: that Wilfrid Blair killed the woman and then inflicted mortal wounds upon himself. Perhaps you would better see my informant for yourself."

"Unnecessary, thank you. Mr. Blair is not telling quite all that he knows. Nevertheless, the theory which he propounds as to his son's assailant, is natural enough, from his point of view. Although," added Kent thoughtfully, "it will be most unfortunate if it leads him to distrust Mrs. Blair."

"Marjorie? Am I to infer that her good name is involved?" demanded the old man.

"Hardly her good name. Mr. Blair believes—if I correctly follow his mental processes—that Francis Sedgwick met his son on the night of the tragedy, by chance or otherwise, and that in the encounter which he believes followed, Wilfrid Blair was killed. Unfortunately, some color of motive is lent to this by the fact that Sedgwick had fallen desperately in love with Mrs. Blair."

"Impossible ! Marjorie is not the woman to permit such a thing."

"Without blame to her, or, indeed, to either of them. She also believes, now, that Sedgwick killed her husband."

"And—and she was interested in your friend?" asked the old scholar slowly.

"I fear—that is, I trust so."

"You trust so? With this horror standing between them!"

"It must be cleared away," said Kent earnestly. "Circumstantial evidence is against Sedgwick; but, I give you my word, sir, it is wholly impossible that he should have killed your niece's husband."

"oT doubt your certainty would be crassly stupid. And are you hopeful of clearing up the circumstances?"

"There I want your aid. The night of the tragedy a person wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars, was on Hawkill Heights. I have reason to believe that this person came there to meet some one from the Blair place; also, that he can tell me, if I can find him, the facts which I lack to fill out my theory. It is to run him down that I have come to Boston."

"A man wearing a dark garment embroidered with silver stars," said the philosopher. "Surely a strange garb in this age of sartorial orthodoxy."

"Not for an astrologer."

"Ah; an astrologer! And you think he came from Boston?"

"I think," said Chester Kent, drawing some newspaper clippings from his pocket, "that somewhere among these advertisements, taken from the newspapers which are subscribed for at Hedgerow House, he is to be found."

"There I ought to be able to help. Through my association with the occult society I have investigated many of these gentry. Great rascals, most of them."

"Whom would you consider the most able of the lot?"

The old man set a finger on one of the clippings. "Preston Jax," said he, "is the shrewdest of them all. Sometimes I have thought that he had dim flashes of real clairvoyance. Be that as it may, he has a surprising clientele of which he makes the most, for he is a master hand at cozening women out of their money. More than once he has been in the courts."

"Probably he is my man. Anyway, I shall visit him first, and, if I find that his office was closed on July 5th—"

"It was, and for a day or two thereafter as I chance to know, because one of the occult society's secret agents was to have visited him, and could not get an appointment."

"Good! I shall see you, then, tomorrow, sir."

"Clarity of vision go with you, amid your riddles," said his host with a smile, shuffling the cards which Kent had gathered up for him. "Here is my all- sufficient riddle. Watch me now, how I meet and vanquish the demon mischance." He turned up a card. "Ah," said he with profound satisfaction, "the seven of spades. My luck runs in sevens."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Master of Stars.

Ten o'clock of the following morning found the Harvard professor formally presenting his friend, Chester Kent, to Mrs. Wilfrid Blair, at the house of the cousin with whom she was staying.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you may trust Professor Kent's judgment and insight as implicitly as his honor. I can give no stronger recommendation, and will now take my leave."

Kent resisted successfully a wild and fearful desire to set a restraining hold upon the disappearing coat tails, for embarrassment had again engulfed the scientist's soul. He seized himself by the lobe of the ear with that grip which drowning men reserve for straws. And—to continue the comparison—the ear sank with him beneath the waves of confusion. Mrs. Blair's first words did not greatly help him.

"Have you an earache, Professor Kent?" she inquired maliciously.

"Yes. No. It's a habit," muttered the caller, releasing his hold and immeditely resuming it.

"Isn't it very painful?"

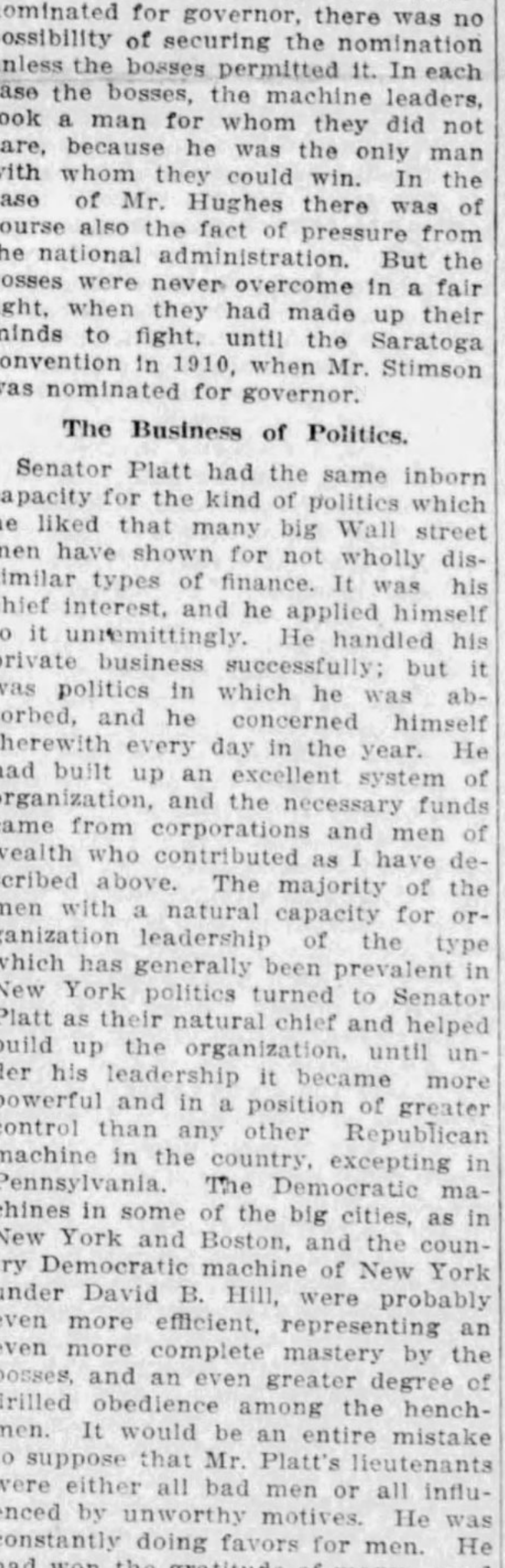
"Of course it is," said he testily; "when I forget to let go in time—as I frequently do."

"As you are doing now," she suggested.

Kent bestowed a final yank upon the dried fount of inspiration, and gave it up as hopeless.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Abe Martin



A wife 'll stick t' her husband as long as some other woman would take him over.

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"I don't know exactly how to begin," he complained.

"Then I will help you," said she, becoming suddenly grave. "You are here to speak to me of some topic, wholly distinct from one forbidden phase."

"Exactly. You make it difficult for me by that restriction. And I rather like difficulties—in reason. Let me see. Have you lost any jewels lately, Mrs. Blair?"

The girl-widow started. "Yes. How did ou know?"

"You have made no complaint, or published no advertisements for them?"

"I have kept it absolutely secret. Father Blair insisted that I should do so."

"They were valuable, these jewels?"

"The rings were, intrinsically, but what I most valued was the necklace of rose-topazes. They were the Grosvenor topazes."

"A family relic?"

"Not my own family. My husband's mother left them to me. They came down to her from her grandmother, Camilla Grosvenor."

"You speak that name as if it should be recognized by me."

"Perhaps it would, if you were a New Englander. She was rather a famous person in her time. C. L. Elliott painted her—one of his finest portraits, I believe. And—and she was remarkable in other respects."

"Would you mind being more specific? It isn't mere curiosity on my part."

"Why, my uncle could have told you more. He knows all about the Grosvenors. My own knowledge of Camilla Grosvenor is merely family tradition. She was a woman of great force of character, and great personal attraction, I believe, though she was not exactly beautiful. When she was still under 30 she became the leader of a band of mystics and star-worshipers. I believe that she became infatuated with one of them, a young German, and that there was an elopment by water. This I remember, at least: her body washed ashore on the coast not very far from Hedgerow House."

"At Lonesome Cove?"

"Yes. The very name of it chills me. For my husband it had an uncanny fascination. He used to talk to me about the place. He even wanted to build there; but Mr. Alexander Blair wouldn't listen to that.

"Would you know the face of Camilla Grosvenor?"

Of course. The Elliott portrait hangs in the library at Hedgerow House."

Kent took from under his coat the drawing purchased from Elder Dennett.

"That is the same," said Mrs. Blair unhesitatingly. It isn't quite the same pose as the finished portrait. And it lacks the earring which is in the portrait. But I should say it is surely Elliott's work. Couldn't it be a preliminary sketch for the portrait?"

"Probably that is what it is."

"Can you tell me where it came from?"

"From between the pages of an old book. It must have been carelessly thrown aside. The book has just been sold at an auction in Martindale Center, and the drawing found by a man who didn't appreciate what it was. I bought it from him."

"That's rather wonderful, isn't it?"

"There are more wonders to come. Tell me how your necklace was lost, please."

"I don't know. On the afternoon of July fifth I left Hedgerow House rather hurriedly. My maid, whom I trust implicitly, was to follow with my trunks, including my jewel case. She arrived, a day later, with part of the jewels missing, and a note from Father Blair saying that there had been a robbery, but that I was to say nothing of it."

"July fifth," remarked Kent with his lids dropped over the keen gaze of the eyes. "It was the following morning that the unknown body was found on the beach near Mr.—near the Nook."

Her face showed lo comprehension. "I have heard nothing of any body," she replied.

"Did none of the talk come to your ears of a strange woman found at Lonesome Cove?"

"No. Wait, though. After the funeral, one of the cousins began to speak of a mystery, and Mr. Blair shut him off."

"Your necklace was taken from that body."

"Her eyes grew wide. "Was she the thief?" she asked eagerly.

"The person who took the necklace from the body is the one for whom I am searching. Now, Mrs. Blair, will you tell me, in a word, how your husband met his death?"

Her gaze did not falter from his, but a look of suffering came into her eyes and the hands in her lap closed and opened and closed again.

"Perhaps I can save you by putting it in another form. Your father-in-law gave you to understand, did he not, that Wilfred Blair met and quarreled with—with a certain person, and was killed in the encounter which followed?"

"How shall I ever free myself from the consciousness of my own part in it?" she shuddered. "Don't—don't speak of it again. I can't bear it."

"You won't have to, very long," Kent assured her. "Let us get back to the jewels. You would be willing to make a considerable sacrifice to recover them?"

"Anything!"

"Perhaps you've heard something of this man?"

Drawing a newspaper page from his pocket, Kent indicated an advertisement outlined in blue pencil. It was elaborately "displayed," as follows:

> **Your Fate is Written in the Heavens.**
> Consult the
> STAR-MASTER
> **Past, Present and Future are Open Books to His Mystic Gaze—**
> **Be Guided Aright in**
> **BUSINESS, LOVE & HEALTH**
> **Thousands to Whom he has pointed Out the Way of the Stars Bless Him for His Aid.**
> **Consultation by Appointment.**
> PRESTON JAX
> **Suite 77 Mystic Block, 10 Royal St.**

Mrs. Blair glanced at the announcement.

"Some of my friends have been to him," she said. "For a time he was rather a fad."

"But you haven't ever consulted him, yourself?"

"No, indeed."

"That is well. I want you to go there with me today."

"To that charlatan? Why, Professor Kent, I thought you were a scientific man."

"Translate 'science' down to its simplest terms in Saxon English," said Kent.

"It would be 'knowing,' I suppose."

"Exactly. When I think a man knows something which I wish to know but do not know, I try to possess myself of his knowledge, whether he is microscopist, astrologer, or tinsmith. To that extent I am a scientist."

"And you expect the stars to tell us something about my lost topazes?"

"They seem to have had some influence on the career of the original owner," said Kent, with his half smile. "And one star has already lighted up the beginning of the trail for me."

"I can't understand your motives," she said. "But I know that I can trust you. When do you wish me to go?"

"I have an appointment for us at high noon."

As the clock struck twelve, Kent and Mrs. Blair passed from the broad noonday glare of the street into the tempered darkness of a strange apartment. It was hung about with black cloths, and lighted by the effulgence of an artificial half-moon and several planets, contrived, Kent conjectured, of isinglass set into the fabric, with arc lights behind them. A soft-footed servitor, clad throughout in black, appeared from nowhere, provided chairs, set a pitcher of water beside them, and vanished silently. A faint, heavy, but not unpleasant odor as of incense, hovered in the air. The moon waxed slowly in brightness, illumining the two figures.

"Very well fixed up," whispered Kent to his companion. "The astrologer is now looking us over.' '

In fact, at that moment, a contemplating and estimating eye was fixed upon them from a "dead" star in the farther wall. The eye beheld a girl whose delicate but vivid loveliness was undimmed by the grisly trappings of mourning which a Christian civilization has borrowed from barbarism to belie its own Christianity withal, rested a moment, and passed, with more of scrutiny, to her companion.

Preston Jax did not, as a rule, receive more than one client at a time. Police witnesses travel in pairs, and the Star-master was of a suspicious nature. Only an extraordinary fee, and the cultured languor of the voice which requested the appointment over the telephone, had induced him to relax his rule. Now, however, his uneasiness was appeased. He beheld a gentleman clad in such apparel as never police spy nor investigating agent wore; a rather puzzling "swellness" (the term is culled from Mr. Jax's envious thoughts), since it appeared to be individual, without being in any particular conspicuous. Mr. Jax, an adept in extracting information, wondered if he could persuade the visitor to disclose his tailor to the stars; for he was, himself, in light vacational moments in Atlantic City and in the Waldorf-Astoria something of a "dresser." One point, however, the connoisseurship of the Star-master could hardly approve; the monocle displayed in his visitor's left eye, though it was reassuring to his professional judgment. The visitor was obviously "light."

Quitting his peep-hole, the Star-master pressed a button. Strains of music, soft and sourceless, filled the air (from a phonograph muffled in rugs.) The moon glow paled a little. There was a soft rustle and fluctuation of wall draperies in the apartment. The light waxed. The Star-master stood before his visitors.

They beheld a man of undistinguished size and form, eked out by a splendid pomposity of manner. To this his garb contributed. All the signs of the zodiac had lent magnificence to the long, black, loose robe with gaping sleeves, which he wore. Mrs. Blair noted with vague interest that it was all hand embroidered.

Pale and hard the face rose from this somber and gorgeous appareling. It was a remarkable face, small, calm, and compacted of muscles. Muscles plumped out the broad cheeks; muscles curved about the jaws; muscles worked delicately along the club of a nose. The chin was just one live, twitching muscle. Even the faint screwed lines at the eye-corners suggested muscle. And, withal, there lurked in the countenance a suggestion of ingenuousness. The man looked like a bland and formidable baby. He looked even more like a puma.

With a rhythmical motion of arms and hands he came forward, performed a spreading bow of welcome, and drew back, putting his hand to his brow, as if in concentration of thought. Marjorie Blair felt an unholy desire to laugh. She glanced at Professor Kent, and, to her surprise, found him exhibiting every evidence of discomposure. He fidgeted, fanned himself with his hat, mopped his brow and palpably flinched under the solemn regard of the mage.

"Stupid of me," he muttered, in apology. "Gets on one's nerves, you know. Awesome, and all that sort of thing, fussing with the stars."

Preston Jax bestowed a patronizing smile upon his visitor. Protectiveness, benign and assured, radiated from him.

"Fear nothing," said he. "The star forces respond to the master-will of him who comprehends them. Madam, the date, year, month and day of your birth, if you please?"

"March 15th, 1889," replied Mrs. Blair.

Propelled by an unseen force, a celestial globe mounted on a nickeled standard, rolled forth. The Star-master spun it with a practiced hand. Slowly and more slowly it turned, until, as it came to a stop, a ray of light, mysteriously appearing, focused on a constellation.

"Yonder is your star," declared the astrologist. "See how the aural light seeks it."

"Oh, I say!" murmured he of the monocle. "Weird, you know! Quite gets on one's nerves. Quite!"

"Sh-h-h-h!" reproved Preston Jax. "Silence is the fitting medium of the higher stellar mysteries. Madam, your life is a pathway between happiness and grief. Loss, like a speeding comet, has crossed it here. Happiness, like the soft moon glow, has beamed upon it, and will again beam, in fuller effulgence."

With beautifully modulated intonations he proceeded, while one of his visitors regarded him with awstruck reverence, and the other waited with patince—but unimpressed, so the orator felt, by his gifts. His voice sank, by deep-toned gradations into silence. The ray winked out. Then the woman spoke.

"Is it possible for your stars to guide me to an object which I have lost?"

"Nothing is hidden from the stars," declared their master. "Their radiance shines not alone upon the broad expanses of existence, but also into the smallest crevices of life. You seek jewels, madam?" (Kent had let this much out, as if by accident, in the morning's conversation.)

"Yes."

"Your birth stone is the bloodstone. Unhappy, indeed, would be the omen if you lost one of those gems." (He was fishing and came forward toward her, almost brushing Kent.)

"But I say," cried Kent in apparently uncontrollable agitation; "did your stars tell you that she had lost some jewelry? Tell me, is that how you knew?"

In his eagerness he caught at the astrologer's arm, the right one, and his long fingers, gathering in the ample folds of the gown, pressed nervously upon the wrist. Preston Jax winced away. All the excited vapidity passed from Kent's speech at once.

"The jewels which this lady has lost," he said very quietly, "are a set of unique rose-topazes. I thought—in fact, I felt that you could, with or without the aid of your stars, help her to recover theem."

Blackness, instant and impenetrable, was the answer to this. There was a subdued flowing sound of drapery, as if some one were brushing along the wall. Kent raised his voice the merest trifle.

"Unless you wish to be arrested, I advise you not to leave this place. Not by either exit."

"Arrested on what charge?" came half-chokingly out of the darkness.

"Theft."

"I didn't take them."

"Murder, then."

"My God!" So abject was the terror and misery in the cry that Kent felt sorry for the wretch. Then, with a certain dogged bitterness: "I don't care what you know; I didn't kill her."

"That is very likely true," replied Kent soothingly. "But it is what I must know in detail. Find your foot lever and turn on the light."

The two visitors could hear him grope heavily. As the light flashed on, they saw, with a shock, that he was on all fours. It was as if Kent's word had felled him. Instantly he was up, however, and faced around upon Marjorie Blair.

"Who was she?" he demanded. "Your sister?"

Mrs. Blair was very pale, but her eyes were steady and her voice under control as she answered.

"I do not know."

"You must know! Don't torture me! I'm a rat in a trap."

"I'm sorry," she said gently, "that I can't help you. But I do not know."

"You, then." The Star-master turned upon Kent. "What am I up against? How did you find me?"

Thrusting his hand in his pocket the scientist brought out a little patch of black cloth, with a single star skilfully embroidered on it.

"Wild blackberry has long thorns and sharp," he said. "You left this tatter on Hawkill Cliffs."

At the name, the man's chin muscle throbbed with his effort to hold his teeth steady against chattering.

"At first I suspected an army officer. When I found that the cloth was below grade, the only other starred profession I could think of was astrology. As the highest class astrologer now advertising, you seemed likely to be the man. When I found, first, that you were out of town on July 5, and, just now, by a somewhat rough experiment, that you had suffered a wound of the right wrist, I was certain."

"What do you want?"

"A fair exchange. My name is Chester Kent."

The Star-master's chin worked convulsively. "The Kent that broke up the Coordinated Spiritism Circle?"

"Yes."

"It's ill bargaining with the devil," observed Preston Jax grimly. "What's the exchange?"

"I do not believe that you are guilty of murder. Tell me the whole story, plainly and straight, and I'll clear you in so far as I can believe you innocent."

For the first time the seer's chin was at peace.

"You want me to begin with this lady's necklace?"

"Why, yes. But after that, begin at the beginning."

"The topazes are cached under a rock near the cliff. I couldn't direct you, but I could show you."

"In time you shall. One moment. As you realize, you are under presumption of murder. Do you know the identity of the victim?"

"Of Astraea? That's all I know about her. I don't even know her last name."

"Why Astraea?"

"That's the way she signed herself. She seemed to think I knew all about her, without being told."

"And you played up to that belief?"

"Well—of course I did."

"Yes, you naturally would. But if you had no name to write to, how could you answer the letters?"

"Through personal advertisements. She had made out a code. She was a smart one in some ways, I can tell you."

"Have you any of the letters here?"

"Only the last one."

"Bring it to me."

Obediently as an intimidated child, the astrologer left the room, presently returning with a plain sheet of paper with handwriting on one side. Kent, who almost never made a mistake, had forgotten in his absorption in the matter of the document, the presence, even the existence of Marjorie Blair. He was recalled to himself with a shock as he felt her shoulder touch his. Involuntarily he whirled the sheet behind him.

"Let me see the rest of it, please," she said, calmly enough.

Kent nodded. With drooping head and chin a-twitch, the Master of Stars stood studying them, while they read the letter together. It was in two handwritings, the date, address and body of the letter being in a clear running character, while the signature, "Astrea," was in very fine, minute, detached lettering. The note read:

"All is now ready. You have but to carry out our arrangements implicitly. The place is known to you. There can be no difficulty in your finding it. At two hours after sundown of July the fifth we shall be there. Our ship will be in waiting. All will be as before. Fail me not. Your reward shall be greater than you dream. Astraea."

(To Be Continued.)

SKUNK We pay top prices for Skunk, Mink, Muskrat and all Raw Furs. Price List Free. M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

1,500 Manufacturers of FURS in N. Y. City have sold their old stock and are hungry for fresh goods. We sell to them. Send for price list and ship to
M. F. PFAELZER & CO.,
119 W. 29th St., (Desk S.)
NEW YORK CITY.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

I have a 8-year-old cow, fresh in June, on good clover pasture, is salted twice a week and is in good flesh, but the butter from her cream fails to gather in churning. Will some reader please tell me what is the trouble.—Mrs. W., Hallsville, Ohio.

In answer to G., Niobe, N. Y., will say that we have a Jersey heifer that had a very bad cough when we purchased her at the age of three months, which caused her tongue to hang out of her mouth if she ran any. I obtained at the drug store a can of Kowcure and gave her a teaspoonful twice a day in a half pint of wheat middlings and also kept her in the barn when it was raining or cold, and in this way completely cured her of her cold.—H., Condersport, Pa.

Closing the Honey Season.

To close the honey season properly requires a little thought and quick action. Upon it depends the reaping of the largest returns.

When the flow from white-honey plants commences to diminish, the supers on the hive should be reduced to one. Take all the rest off and remove and crate all the salable honey. Crate it according to the grade it belongs in. All the rest which is partly or wholly uncapped, but which has considerable honey in it, is put into supers, the partly capped in supers by themselves.

Go to the hives and remove the one remaining super and put on one in which the combs are partly capped. These will be all or nearly all capped if the honey flow does not stop too quickly. Take all the salable honey from the last super removed and treat as the others. This keeps all your white honey from being mixed with the dark, which prevents its bringing the highest price.

If there is a fall flow you may put on a super of the partly capped honey and, if you have not enough, put on the supers having uncapped combs. Near the close of the fall flow the above process should be gone through with again so as to get the greatest possible number of combs in a salable condition and prevent a large accumulation of partly filled sections.

The remainder of the sections, whether partly or wholly uncapped, are extracted. The partly capped sections are uncapped deep before being put into the extractor. The combs are saved for next year, as they make valuable bait comb for getting bees up into the supers early.

There will be considerable liquid honey smeared over the sections after extracting. The sections are put into supers and two of these are put on a hive at sundown, with an empty super between. The bees will clean these up in 24 hours, when they may be removed. The combs should be piled in a building that is known to be mouse proof.

The cappings will have considerable honey in them which may be pressed out with a wax extractor or some sort of a press. The residue will be nearly pure beeswax. This may be rendered by means of a solar wax extractor.

With extracted honey much the same process is gone through. Care must be taken not to extract uncapped combs until they have remained on the hive a long time, as the honey is liable to be thin and unripe. This makes an inferior product which is liable to ferment and sour.

Low Grade Grass Seed.

Advices from Washington are that a number of shipments of orchard grass seed have recently been imported into the United States which contain only about 25 per cent of orchard grass seed, the balance being mostly chaff. The import price of this seed is such that it cannot be recleaned but must be sold either in the condition which it is imported or mixed with other seed. There is enough seed contained in these shipments to seed approximately 10,000 acres, and not more than a quarter of a stand can be expected where the low grade seed is sown.

There is also being offered to the seed trade in the United States from European sources a mixture of seeds under the names of Trifolium angulatum and Trifolium pariflorum, which is similar in color and general appearance to a mixture of alsike and white clover seed. This mixture has no recognized commercial value in this country and will doubtless either be sold as white and alsike clover seed or used as an adulterant of these seeds.

It is evident from the above that it will pay farmers to be cautious about the kind of grass seed they buy. The safest and wisest course to pursue is to secure a sample of the seed one intends to purchase and send it to the state experiment station and have it analyzed. This will be done free of charge and one can then be sure of what he is getting.

BUILT RIGHT

Stomach, Nerves and Thinker Restored by Grape Nuts Food.

The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are on the increase.

"For 12 years I suffered from dyspepsia, finding no food that did not distress me," writes a Wis. lady. "I was reduced from 145 to 90 lbs., gradually growing weaker until I could leave my bed only a short while at a time, and became unable to speak aloud.

"Three years ago I was attracted by an article on Grape Nuts and decided to try it.

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

"Soon I was able to take Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and lunch at night, with an egg and Grape-Nuts for dinner.

"I am now able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but fondly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper.

"At the time of beginning Grape-Nuts I could scarcely speak a sentence without changing words around or 'talking crooked' in some way, but I have become so strengthened that I no longer have that trouble." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE GARDEN

Keeping Squashes.

Now to keep well, squash especially should be well ripened, and to do this without having them slightly frosted is sometimes no little trouble. Sun they must have if ripened, and the least frost, even when scarcely perceptible, seriously affects their keeping qualities. We have found it is an excellent way, when there is the least question about their ripeness and there is danger from frost, to put in shallow piles either in the field or, better still, on the sunny side of a straw stack, and cover them with straw during the night or cold days, uncovering them so the sun can shine full upon them when it does shine. If when fully ripened, and with stems on and not bruised or chilled, they are carefully stored in a dry, fairly warm cellar, squash can easily be kept till after New Year's in pretty fair condition.

Why Celery Goes to Seed.

Early-planted celery sometimes takes a notion to produce seed-stalks, and this spoils the plant for table use. Plants are more apt to do that when they have received a check in growth by lack of water in the soil or of plant-food. When the seed has been carelessly grown it may have a tendency to produce a large percentage of "bolting" plants; that is, of plants that go to seed rather than make good table celery. Always buy the best seed from a reliable seed-house. That is probably the surest prevention of the trouble. Next sow the seed in proper season (not too early), and push the plants right along to strong and uninterrupted growth by giving them plenty to eat and drink and high cultivation from start to finish. That is about all that can be done.

POULTRY

Culling the Pullets.

On many farms it is customary to keep all the pullets and dispose of nothing but the cockerels and old stock. If one would build up a good, vigorous strain of poultry it is necessary to cull the pullets and keep only such as show a strong, vigorous constitution. The inactive pullet, the one that seems to grow slowly, should be included in the coop with the surplus cockerels. The lazy, undersized pullet will make, at the best, a poor layer, and should never be included in the breeding pens.

Give Fowls Clean Water.

Drinking water in poultry houses is one cause of the rapid spread of contagious diseases, such as roup. An affected hen when she places her beak in the water to get a drink, contaminates all the water. Then, when healthy hens drink from this water supply they become exposed to whatever disease the sick hen has. Thus, when one fowl contracts a contagious disease it generally is but a comparatively short time until there is a general outbreak of the affection, unless precautions are taken.

While the best method of treating a sick fowl is to cut off its head and either burn its body or bury it so deeply that no dog can dig it up, the mischief is often done before one notices that a fowl is sick. This makes it advisable to be on guard all the time, and it should be understood that it is a simple matter to treat the drinking water so as to prevent its being a medium for spreading disease.

The addition of a small quantity of permanganate of potash will so disinfect it that any disease-producing germs left there by affected fowls will do no harm. The drug is not a remedy nor a treatment, simply a preventative. While it gives the water a reddish color, there is no taste to it which would keep the fowls from drinking the water. Only a small quantity is needed—simply enough to color the water.

Eradicating a contagious disease from a poultry flock is a tedious and costly process. The best way is to prevent the outbreak in the first place by keeping the buildings clean and sanitary. When a fowl gets sick, if it is not killed it should be isolated and the remainder of the flock closely watched for signs of further trouble.

Yard Advice.

The grounds selected for poultry keeping should have excellent natural drainage. Wet land is undesirable. Stagnant water should be drained away. A soil which contains some sand or gravel in its composition is preferable.

A sandy loam is the ideal soil, because it is porous enough to dry off quickly after a rain, is easily cultivated and will produce good grass and other crops for the fowls. Such a soil, having elevation and slope, insures (for the poultry plant) good surface and under drainage.

A dry soil tends to make the work of caring for the fowls less difficult and disagreeable than a wet soil.

A clay soil is undesirable because it does not allow the rain and snow water to quickly soak in and drain away. It does not readily absorb the droppings of the fowls, so that if many fowls run upon it its surface, besides being frequently wet or muddy, may become filthy. The sills of the buildings are liable to decay rapidly on wet land because of alternate wetting and drying if they are not especially protected. The interior of the house is likely to be damp, and the fence posts rot in the ground or are often heaved out by the frost. Snow sticks and stays on such ground. Heavy rains are likely to result in floods and washouts because the water, instead of percolating through the soil and moving away underground, collects upon the surface or moves off over the ground, forms puddles and gullies and makes slimy and slippery the paths and roads. Some times large quantities of soil are washed away to lower levels, perhaps to neighboring premises. A heavy clay naturally too wet may be greatly improved by artificial under drainage. If the poultryman finds himself located on such land he may, through considerable expense, correct or modify the chief fault of the soil by the use of drain tiles.

While it is emphatically desirable to get rid of the surplus moisture, it must not be forgotten that a sufficient supply of fresh, pure water is absolutely necessary. Much is gained if the water is furnished by a stream or spring having elevation to amply supply the poultry plant by gravitation. Especially favored is the location if a stream, having its source higher up than the buildings, flows through the grounds, bringing a supply of fresh water and carrying away the surplus water and sewage of the poultry plant.

Considerable stress is laid upon these points because poultry plants have been located by paid experts who left the poultryman to find out by sad experience the vital importance of an adequate, unfailing and economical supply of fresh water and effective natural drainage. Such poultry plants have usually successive, but not successful owners or renters. —H. A. McKeen in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE ORCHARD

Protecting With Heaters.

If you want to protect your trees from frost next spring, there is only one way to do it, and that is by the use of orchard heaters. Little or nothing can be accomplished in the way of protecting the trees from frost by planting a windbreak around the orchard. In fact, the movement of the air is frequently a safeguard against damaging frosts, and by shutting off such movement by means of a windbreak only increases the danger. It will be impossible to retard the development of the trees in the spring by planting a cover crop, as it is the temperature of the air which starts the buds, and not the temperature of the soil. If the temperature of the air surrounding the buds is warm enough they will begin growing even though the roots be in soil that is frozen solid. So far as is known at the present time, no cultural method is of much service in retarding or protecting fruit trees from injury by frost during the blooming period. The only really satisfactory method is that of using orchard heaters and actually warming the air in the orchard during the frost period which may occur early in spring. The service of orchard heaters for this purpose has been so well demonstrated and is such a practical means of preventing frost that it is the thing to consider.

New Apple Pest Spreading.

The orchard inspectors of the Division of Zoology, of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, are reporting considerable extention of the area over which the new apple pest, known as the apple seed chalcis, is spreading and doing very remarkable damage to the apple crop of this state. It is found now abundantly and extensively in the northern part of Pennsylvania from the extreme western to the extreme eastern part.

This is a very small wasplike insect not half as large as the house fly, yet it has been so destructive to the apple crop in many orchards in the northern half of Pennsylvania, that the inspectors have written to Professor Surface, saying: "The apple seed chalcis is doing more damage, and spreading in its area each year. It is now found to be a pest fully as destructive as the codling moth, which has destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of fruit annually in this state."

The apple seed chalcis is not liable to be known or recognized readily among fruit growers by the appearance of the small black adult, wasplike insect, as this is not seen nor recognized as frequently as are the results of its presence. This pest atacks fruit by laying its eggs in the seeds, and in these the young larvae or maggots live or feed, and cause the fruit to become stunted, misshaped and abnormal. It is unfit for use on the market because so dwarfed and knotty. There may be some good apples on the same tree or in the same region, or all the fruit of the tree may be dwarfed or ruined by this pest, or, in some cases, a portion of the apple may be infected, and the other side may be good.

The dwarfed and deformed fruits are too often supposed to be due to other insects, such as aphids, or plant lice, starvation, dry weather, lack of thinning, or diseases of the trees. If the apples were cut across with a sharp knife, and the seeds opened, the larvae or worms, if present, would be inside of them during the fall or winter. This will readily tell the story, and the owner can thus see for himself what has been the cause of the injury. It is very important for all apple growers to watch for this pest by cutting open the small and deformed apples in the fall of the year, opening the seeds and seeing if it is present. If so, all such apples should be destroyed by any means possible.

"It is advisable," the official bulletin says, "to pasture either sheep or hogs in the orchard to destroy the fallen fruit, or to make them into cider or feed them to pigs, and especial attention should be given to the seedling or old apple trees growing along fences, or in woods or thickets, where the fruit is not liable to be gathered. These trees are really breeders of pests and diseases, and may prove to be a constant source of supply and an enemy of cultivated trees. All such trees should be cut down.

"Professor Surface and his inspectors have reared this insect in cages indoors, and it has been proven, first by Inspector Bullock, of Wayne County, that the insect passes the winter within the apple seeds in fallen apples, and also within those that may remain hanging on the trees. It does not come forth until late in the spring, and this gives abundant opportunity for its destruction by the complete destruction of fallen fruit."

The Division of Zoology has not yet been able to obtain an efficient parasite to destroy this pest. Spraying this particular pest is also out of the question, and as this is the time of year to determine its presence and to get rid of it, all apple growers, if owning only a single tree, should give attention to the practical information herein contained.

ROOFING SALE More than $325,000 worth of every make and kind of brand new, dependable roofing now being offered at such remarkably low prices, that we ask all in need or who contemplate buying to hesitate placing orders until they get these remarkable

Bankrupt

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LIVE STOCK

Horse Colic.

The common cause of colic at this season of the year is the sudden change from old to new hay. New hay is so relished by the animal that the stomach becomes overloaded, causing a fermentation and resulting in a distention of the stomach or intestines, or both, by gas. This type of colic is one of the most dangerous and rapidly fatal forms of the disease known. The construction of the stomach and intestines is such that, once distended, it is impossible for the accumulated gas to escape unless it is aided by the introduction of a stomach tube or trocar.

It is well to keep in mind that horses are apt to overload on new hay, and every feeder should be very cautioos and give only a small amount at a time until the animals become accustomed to the change. It is also well to give every horse that receives dry feed a bran mash, either wet or dry, containing a handful of linseed meal and a little salt, at least twice weekly. Such a slight precaution when neglected often result in the loss of a valuable animal.

The symptoms of colic are no doubt famailiar to all horse owners, altthough the symptoms differ somewhat with the various forms of the disease, and they may be summed up as follows: Pain, which made come suddenly or gradually. If in harness the horse goes "short," gives way in the hindquarters, stops, becomes restless, paws the ground and stamps, shakes himself and can be prevented only with difficulty from lying down. Later on he often totters, groans, kicks with the hind legs at the abdomen, looks around at his hindquarters, whisks his tail, stand over at the knees, arches his back, stretches the head and neck and places the hind feet under the body. As a rule the animal lies down very carefully and slowly, but sometimes may throw himself recklessly on the ground. He may sweat profusely and bloat, and die within four or five hourse from the outset.

During the onset of an attack of colic it is well to give one quart of raw linseed oil, to which has been added one ounce of spirits of turpentine and two drams of fluid extract of nux vomica. Feed should be entirely withheld for at least 24 hours, but allow plenty of water. If bloat is excessive, it should be promptly relieved with a trocar by an experienced hand. —J. W. Kalkus, Washington Experiment Station.

The Bot.

Contrary to the prevailing opinion among farmers, the bot which infests the stomach of the horse is often harmful to both young and old animals, and may be especially disastrous to colts. The bot is the larval stage of the horse botfly. The botfly reproduces by depositing light yellow oval eggs, which are attached by the adult female to the hair of the legs, breast and neck. The eggs hatch; then the horse licks itself and some of the small larvae are taken thru the mouth into the stomach, where they attach themselves firmly to the lining.

By the parasitic tendencies a large number of bots covering the linging of the stomach damage the interior of that organ, prevent digestive action, and in some cases cause the horse to remain in such a poor condition that death may ensue. It is probable that many cases of poor condition in horses throught to be due to worms are really due to heavy infestation with bots.

A very effective treatment which will remove bots within 24 to 48 hours is as follows: The day pre ing the treatment a small amoun had and a moderate amount of is given in the morning; in the ev ing food is withheld and a purga given. Barbados aloes, 1 ounce; raw linseed oil, 1 pint. The day the treatment, at 6 o'clock in morning give 3 drams of car bisulfid in a gelatin capsule; a o'clock repeat the dose in the sa manner, and at 8 o'clock give third and last dose, making in 9 drams of carbon bisulfid in th gelatin capseules.

The above treatment is for adult horse. For the yearling half the quantity of carbon bisu used for a mature horse will give desired results.

If properly administered, the g tin capsule reaches the stomach tact, but soon dissolves, and the bon bisulfid rapidly evaporates, focating all bot larvae and other asites with which it comes in cont but not injuring the horse. Wo are quite often expelled as well. remedy has been used by the depa ment of agriculture with a large nu ber of animals, and has proved cessful.

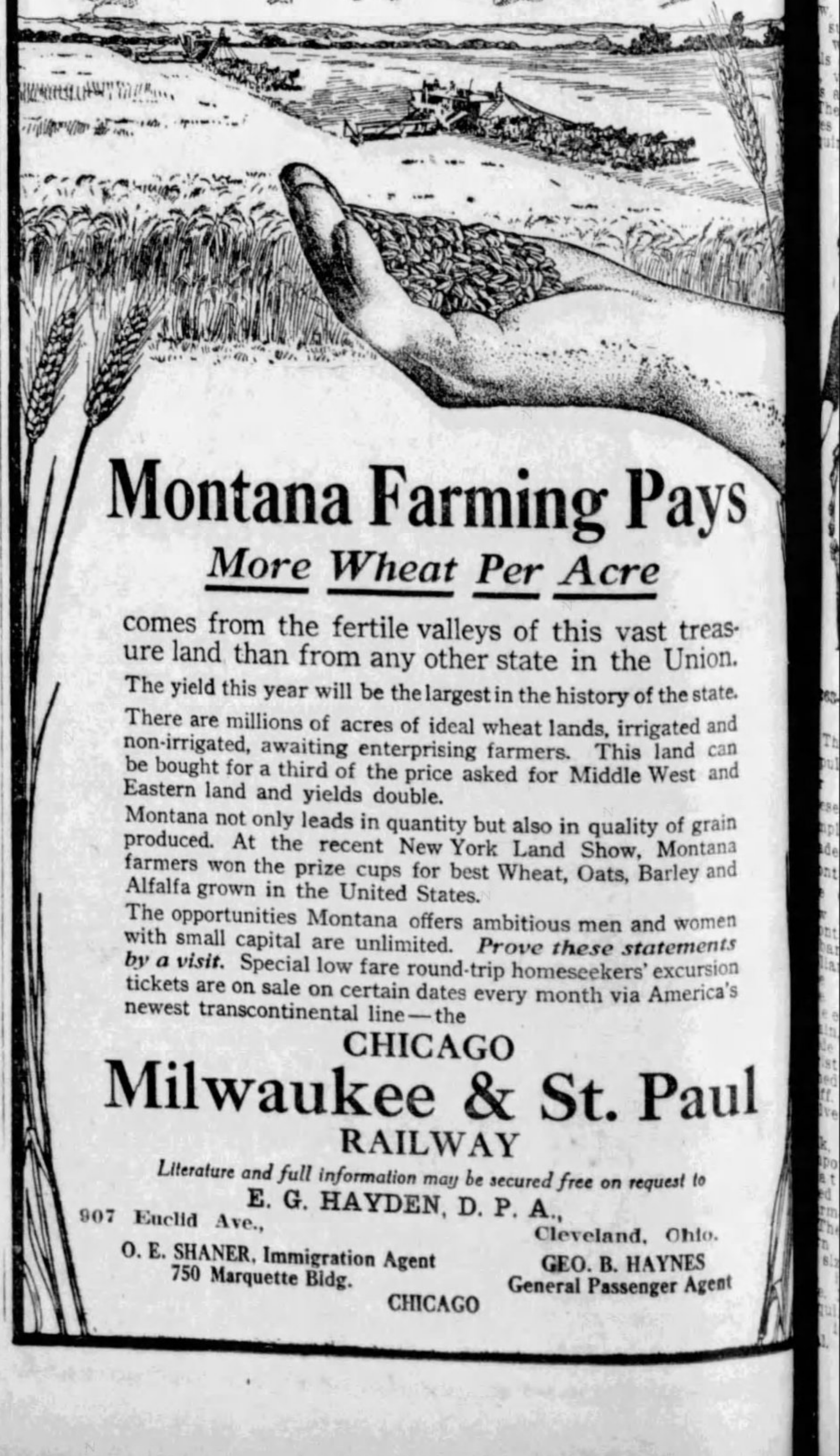
THE DAIRY

Importance of Stripping.

The importance of milking a co the last drop is shown by an exp ment tried by a Kansas Experim station which dealt with the va tions in butterfat at intervals the first milk drawn to the last. cows were used in the test. The milk drawn contained a very low centage of butterfat—only 0.2 of per cent—and there was a grad although not entirely uniform, crease from the first to the last ing, the last sample being except ally rich in butterfat. The importa of milking cows completely is il trated by the results of this exp ment. If the last portions of the had been left in the cow's udde each of the five cases, the perc ages would have been reduced 2.43 to 1.93, from 3.3 to 2.95, from to 3.38, from 4.37 to 4.13, and 3.46 to 3.25 respectively.

Raising Calves Without Skim Milk.

Good calves have been and can raised without any skim-milk and a very small amount of whole just a sufficient amount of give a good start. When the calf is dropped it needs whole milk and mother's whole milk at that, and ought to have whole milk for the two weeks of its life. This regul the bowels and gets the calf sta in good condition. Then someth else can be substituted for the milk It isn't profitable to feed w milk for any considerable length time because the butter-fat is w so much, and if the whole milk is one can't afford to feed it long. best substitute for milk that can given a calf is a thin gruel made of a variety of grain. We want variety of grain because their comb tion will give a better ration than one grain alone. For instance, if mix together oil meal, wheat middli ground flaxseed, corn meal, crus oats, and perhaps ground wheat, will make a more complete ration young growing calves than any grain alone. Mix as many grains gether as you can handily in e parts, and then make this into a gruel. Then use a pint of the m ground grain to six pints of water let it come to a boil. Now, at the of two weeks begin to substitute of this gruel for the whole milk. is, give the calf a whole milk ra until he is two weeks old, then gr ually diminish the amount of w milk and substitute in its place gruel made out of this combinatio feed. Gradually cut off the whole and increase the gruel until your if eating the gruel alone. If you the gruel too thick so that you the calf is getting too much grain, can tell by the way it is digested. the fault can be easily remedied thinning it with warm water at time of feeding. You must have and not too concentrated a feed calves. Besides the gruel you m get the calf to eating ground oats barley, ground oats are splendid. as soon as you possibly can. When gets through eating his gruel give a handful of crushed oats. He soon learn to eat them. Also get to eating clover hay as soon as sible. Now increase the amount gruel as the calf grows and deve the same as you would any other tion, and you will find you can nearly as good calves in this way you can with skim-milk. Of cours it is a little bit more bother to m this gruel, but it makes a very ration for the calf.



Montana Farming Pays

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There are millions of acres of ideal wheat lands, irrigated and non-irrigated, awaiting enterprising farmers. This land can be bought for a third of the price asked for Middle West and Eastern land and yields double.

Montana not only leads in quantity but also in quality of grain produced. At the recent New York Land Show, Montana farmers won the prize cups for best Wheat, Oats, Barley and Alfalfa grown in the United States.

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CZEMA ON BACK, ARMS AND CHEST

roke Out in Pimples. Itching and Burning Seemed Unbearable. Hair Fell Out Terribly. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

Pierson, N. Dakota. — "The eczema rted on my scalp. It finally went on to e back of my neck, then on to my back, ms and chest. It broke out in pimples st and then seemed to run together in me places, making a sore about the size a dime. At times the itching and burn- were so intense that it seemed unbear- le. The more I scratched it the worse it came, and there would be a slight dis- arge from it, especially on my scalp, so to make my hair matted and sticky close the scalp. The hair was dry, lifeless and in. My hair was falling so terribly that ad begun to despair of ever finding relief. clothing irritated the eruption on my ck. The affected parts were almost a lid scab.

"I tried using ——— at first, then I tried ing ——— and after an hour or so washed off with good ——— Soap. Neither of e remedies gave any relief only for the me being. I had been bothered with zema for about a year and a half. Then began using the Cuticura Soap and Oint- ent. I first bathed the afflicted parts with e Cuticura Soap and then applied the ticura Ointment. I used them daily for o months and I was cured." (Signed) iss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Oint- nt (50c.) are sold throughout the world. single set is often sufficient when all else s failed. Liberal sample of each mailed e, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post- rd "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cu- ura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

NSIONS FOR MISSIONARIES

Vashington, Oct. 15.—Old age pen- ns and sick benefits for the several usand missionary workers of the enth Day Adventists were assured, was announced today, through action en by the General and North erican conference of the denomi- tion, in session in Takoma Park, a urb. Missionary laborers through- the world, working in the interests the sect, will be eligible to draw on the fund, as will their depend- s.

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SULZER OUSTED; GLYNN GOVERNOR

High Court of Impeachment Votes 43 to 12 for Removal.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 17.—William Sulzer no longer is governor of the state of New York.

A few minutes before noon today, the high court of impeachment by a vote of 43 to 12, removed him from office. Senator Wende and Judge Cullen excused themselves from voting. The vote on the proposition of disqualifying Sulzer from ever again holding a place of honor or trust in the state was voted down unanimously with the exception that Judge Cullen again excused himself from recording his vote.

The governor received the news of his removal in silence at the executive mansion, where he had waited all morning to hear the result. He said he might make a statement later.

Prior to the vote on his disqualification and removal the four last articles of the impeachment charges, 5, 6, 7 and 8, were unanimously voted out.

Court was in session little more than an hour. It was officially adjourned a minute after 12 o'clock.

Martin H. Glynn, of Albany, the acting governor, became governor.

Robert F. Wagner, of New York, majority leader of the senate, became lieutenant governor.

No official notice of removal was given Sulzer. A record of the decision of the court was filed with the secretary of state, thus complying with all the legal requirements to remove the governor.

Both galleries of the senate chamber were filled with spectators when the senators and judges filed solemnly in at 10:30 o'clock to sit for the last time as members of the high court.

WOMAN WEIGHED 60 POUNDS; 3 FEET TALL

New Albin, Ia., Oct. 15.—Miss Ruthey Howes, who is dead here at the age of 66 years, was reputed to have been the smallest perfectly formed woman in Iowa. She was 37 inches tall and weighed 60 pounds. Miss Howes was a remarkably beautiful and attractive woman in miniature. She was a school teacher and a musician of ability.

LADIES Can make big money selling our novelty dress goods for fall and winter wear. Only those desiring to act as agents need apply.

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It's the hardest thing in the world to buy presents for little children. They want toys, but good toys are frightfully expensive, while cheap ones are a waste of money. A pyrographic scroll outfit solves the problem; with it you can make real toys, toys that will tickle the kiddies and you can make grown-up presents, too. Start now, see how much money you can save making presents for your family and friends. Complete directions, very simple. Complete outfits, $3.00 up. Send $1.00 money order, pay rest at $1.00 a month. If it doesn't satisfy you, send it back and we will refund all the money you sent us.

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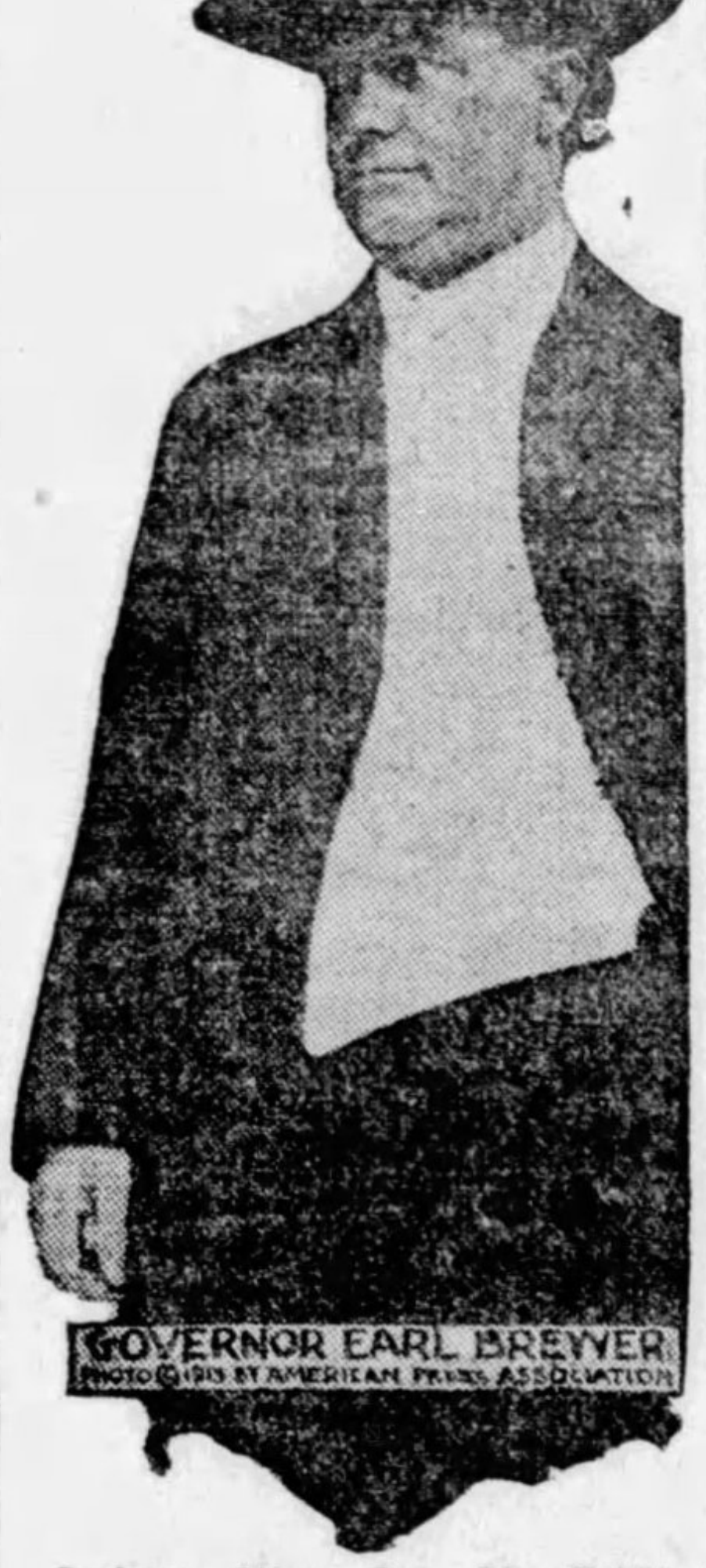
Enemies Attacking Mississippi Governor


GOVERNOR EARL BREWER
PHOTO © 1913 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 20.—Political enemies of Governor Earl Brewer were reported to be conspiring to bring impeachment proceedings against him. A big political fight has been precipitated by the publication in a Texas paper of a charge concerning Governor Brewer. It is alleged that Lieutenant Governor Theodore G. Bilbo, Mayor S. J. Taylor, of Jackson, several state senators and representatives and C. R. Boyce, of Memphis, are behind the movement to impeach the governor.

Boyce was involved in a cotton deal criticized by Governor Brewer. Brewer's friends assert that the "plot" is the result of his activity in sending several prominent men to the penitentiary for grafting.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

KING IS TO INVEST $1,000,000

Prince of Wales Will Get Income From Stocks Father Buys.

London, Oct. 20.—King George is about to invest $1,000,000 for his son and heir, the Prince of Wales.

Stocks will be bought in the name of Leopold de Rothschild, associated recently with the conduct of the royal family's finances.

The money represents accumulated revenue from the Duchy of Lancaster, which belongs to the Prince of Wales by hereditary right, but which he cannot control until he is 21 years old. The prince will be 21 in June, 1915.

RESINOL SOAP FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

Resinol heals baby's itching skin

RESINOL OINTMENT and Resinol Soap are absolutely free from anything of a harsh or injurious nature, and can therefore be used with confidence in the treatment of babies' skin troubles—eczema, teething rash, chafings, etc. They stop itching *instantly* and speedily heal even severe and stubborn eruptions. Doctors have prescribed Resinol for the past 18 years.

Every druggist sells Resinol

Resinol Soap and Ointment clears away pimples, blackheads and dandruff, and is a most valuable household remedy for sores, burns, boils, piles, etc. For trial size of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, write to Resinol, Dept. F, Baltimore, Md.

ROYALTY APLENTY AT A WEDDING

Prince Arthur of Connaught Marries Princess Victoria.

London, Oct. 15.—Prince Arthur of Connaught, son of the duke of Connaught, governor-general of Canada, was today married to Princess Alexandra Victoria, duchess of Fife, eldest daughter of the widowed Princess Louise. The ceremony took place in the ancient chapel of St. James' palace, where both were baptized.

There was room for fewer than 300 persons in the simply decorated chapel, but not since the coronation of King George had there been such a gathering of royalties and notable personages as on this occasion.

Besides King George, Queen Mary, Queen Mother Alexandra, the king and queen of Norway and other royal relatives of the couple, the congregation consisted of the diplomatic corps, the British cabinet, members of the royal households, and a few distinguished civilians. Among the diplomats were Ambassador Walter H. Page and Mrs. Page. The ambassador was dressed in plain evening clothes and the only person there who wore neither a decoration nor a uniform.

Lady Decies Present.

Among those present were Lady Decies, formerly Miss Helen Vivien Gould, and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, formerly Miss Anne Breese. Both were accompanied by their husbands and wore their famous jewels.

The chapel glittered with diamonds and pearls, almost every woman present wearing a tiara and necklace of fabulous value.

The bride entered the chapel between King George and her mother. She was gowned in a dainty dress of white charmeuse embroidered with pearls and diamonds and adorned with exquisite brussels applique lace of which the bridal veil also was made.

The Bridesmaids.

Much admiration was expressed at the appearance of the five bridesmaids, who were Princess Mary, daughter of the king and queen; Princess Maud, only sister of the bride Princess Victoria and Princess Helena of Teck, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Teck; and Princess Mary, the little daughter of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. Their gowns were made of shell pink charmeuse and cream lace and they carried bouquets of carnations and lilies, the same flowers as decorated the chapel royal. The pages were little Prince John, the king's youngest son, and Prince Olaf, of Norway, a great popular favorite in England.

Dressed as Captain.

Prince Arthur wore his uniform as a captain of the Royal Scots Grays with its brights scarlet tunic and high bearskin busby. All the men among his royal relatives also wore military uniforms covered with decorations. The king was dressed as a field marshal.

The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London as dean of the chapels royal and Canon Edgar Sheppard, sub-dean of the chapels royal.

Prince Arthur and his bride uttered the responses in firm clear voices.

After the ceremony the archbishop of Canterbury delivered a short address in which he pointed out that while only a few had been able to be present at the ceremony, millions of Britons all over the world joined in rejoicing at the marriage of an English prince and princess.

The first part of the honeymoon is to be spent at the residence of Waldorf Astor at Sandwich Bay on the southeast coast of England.

The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Wiley mumbled awkwardly. "Judge's son . . . best family. Sort of—well, gone on her."

"Good dope," commented the newspaper man laconically. "Got his picture about your shop? Heart interest, and all that sort of thing—big as a house! Get us a come-on story to follow Thursday."

Aurelie stared at him. Then she jumped down and walked before the Sunday sup man and shook her fist under his nose. "His picture in the paper? If you ever do that, I'll go to Chicago and tear up every paper in your old shop!"

And turning around she walked out and up High street with the air of an empress.

"We'll, I'm jiggled!" murmured the Sunday editor. "Help!"

CHAPTER VII.

Pigs and Politics.

When a man is sixty and has lived well; when he has had money without moiling and honor without envy; has received and amplified to the full a heritage of the best without effort and without price; when youth and maturity have been chastened and molded by that fine, rugged American tradition which began with the founding of Harvard and the Jamestown planters and followed easily the fighting line of pioneers as the frontiers of the republic were lengthened—when one has, indeed, had, righteously and wholesomely, all there is to be had, there is apt to come an arrest of development. There comes a coolness of blood, a reserve of faiths, a caution of more than age and the finer usage. One will discover at least one family of this sort in every small town of the mid west which is of and yet apart from the local aristocracy of the soil-enriched, the banker, the grocer, the lawyer and landholder; a family with an eastern tradition of the best—New England or Virginia—a pretension to the elegance of culture; a group which, while easily the leaders, sits in a state of correct isolation lest their honorable individualism be trampled by the newer needs of newer blood.

The Van Harts, migrating leisurely behind the star of empire, had beheld afar the dust and shouting; they had been formed by social forces that had run their fire of youth, that New England state of mind of ante-slavery days which had once been the national conscience, but was now vestigial and static. The impouring of hungrier races to the mid west, who had scratched the bleak prairies, finding the fat and virgin lands now gone; the surge of the political revolts of the trans-Mississippi settlers, time and again from the days of populism to the present; the pathos and the idealism of all this eager building, had not touched them. Their county, one of the Iowa Reserve, had felt faintly the thunder of the awakening; the dingy offices of the Rome court-house had been filled by a group of the "best people" so long that they seemed the hereditament of a class and a leadership.

There were younger men who grew up to feel vaguely the lapse between what was best in the days of their fathers and the needs of today. Harlan Van Hart, himself, had discerned curiously the rift between the fine spiritual environ of his father's example and the new, troublous, social conscience. In his debates of high school, his loungings about Wiley Curran's new shop, his friendship with Arne Vance, son of Old Jake, the "political farmer," the county's first insurgent, he had wondered at it. The new movement was no hunger-rebellion of the cities, the mid west was enriched—why, then, the outcry?

Harlan was packing for his departure. He thought rather grimly of the journey East. Elise would be on the train on her way to school, also, and he would have to talk to her. Elise and all the town were curious with some story concerning him and Aurelie Lindstrom—nothing definite, but all the more perplexing for that. Harlan had slowly flamed since last night with a resentment new in the genial complacence of his life. When the packing was done he sat by the window where he could see the red and gold filigree of the sugar maples thinly covering the rock face of Eagle Point back of the town. Today a blue haze enveloped the highest pinnacle. Somewhere, out of this lazy freedom, a cow-bell tinkled. It was Saturday, and he knew the boys were gathering wild crab-apples up along Sinsinawa in the hills and routing the rabbits out of the fence corners. He felt immeasureably old some way, and out of all this kindly prosiness. He had an inclination to climb to the hills and all this autumn glory were a part of her and the inextricable confusion of wrong and right, duty and honor, into which he was plunged. He was angered at his mother; he was enraged at Aurelie. He had asked her to give up this silly business of her prize-winning, and she had sturdily refused at the last. His mother, his class, his tradition, career, Harvard and the law—all had to do with his intolerable sense of rebellion and defeat. Something was inevitably wrong, perhaps with himself. Perhaps, he did not even love Aurelie so much—it was summer madness as his mother had said; but he felt a shame that he would allow this. A man, he told himself, would smash his way through to win, if he greatly desired; but he was a Van Hart and they were not given to that sort of thing. They would coolly consider a great many things before they struck a blow.

He had intended to go down to the drug store corner where the fellows usually met to smoke and chaff and grind out airs on Playter's phonograph, while groups of girls came in from school or shopping to buy sodas. He would meet them all in the frank comradeship of the town's way, walk home with one, or loiter at the high school football practice. There were any number of ways to spend one's last afternoon in the old town where one was so pleasantly a favored son. His father was at court and his mother at her club. But he had a curious inclination to idle around the square. He took a notion to dress for dinner, although there were to be no guests. His father did so occasionally in their home life; it was understood by the Van Harts as an assertion of old and real standards. There were but nine families in Rome who even dined at night, and these nine definitely fixed the social life. People who dine at six do not dine in shirt sleeves.

Harlan was going to dress for the last home dinner. It would divert him from his inexplicable dissatisfaction, perhaps. He looked about the room at the trophies of his undergraduate days—banners, dance programs, favors, his tennis rackets, fraternity parchments—hung as he had cherished them. Now he felt an intolerance of this sophomoric display. He promised that when he came back again next fall all this truck should go to the garret. It should be a man's room, for today he felt no more the boy. He would be the man; something had come to him in his bitterness, his first bewilderment, that told him he must be a man now, and not the lovesick youth, or the trifler with all this easy popularity he had among all sorts of people. He recalled curiously now how his mother had always contrived that he spend his time with the right sort of people: how he was so thoroughly of the gracious life of this kind of people. East or West, somehow, these best homes opened to him; everything god came without effort, without cost. Yet he would have been surprised to believe he was anything else but a Democrat—a young man of the easy, full-lived, tolerant American democracy—the sort of fellow who calls on one's daughters, and whom one's daughters marry when he has made enough in the business or become a junior partner of the firm. East or West, he was the same clean clear-minded chap of family and money. To get on in the world meant no particular struggle; merely common sense and industry, and cultivating the right sort of people, and taking easy advantage of the opportunities that one's position gives one. His father was that sort of man exactly. All the county accepted him as a type of the sturdy democratizing citizen; and Harlan looked out on the people reciprocally—brown, kind, true hearted people, unconscious, unafraid, unindebted, their wallets filled. He remembered once travelling with Elise Dickinson and the grocer's daughter had been ashamed of a country uncle who took out a paper shoe-box of lunch and ate fried chicken and pickles on the seat of the coach. Harlan had resented Elise's feeling. He had no country relations, but he felt a stout kinship with all this prosy, common, wholesome living. They were his home people, these Midlanders, the best of Americans. Certainly he was a Democrat, as his father was, without struggle, without cost, without having to soil his hands at anything, or assume obligation. If one had accused him of class consciousness he would not have taken one seriously.

His father and mother had no comment when he appeared dressed for dinner. Mrs. Van Hart smiled; it was such a likable following of the judge's habits. The affair of last night had been put by; they had had it out after the party, and Harlan had listened in silence. Their hopes of him, their pride in him; all they had built and lived and dreamed for him—they knew he would not throw it away. He had listened, then he had arisen and said simply: "Mother, I'm going back to school tomorrow. Can't you trust me in this affair—Aurelie Lindstrom — as you can in everything?"

And the mother had answered proudly, "Yes."

Tonight at dinner he felt his father's kindly eyes on him; his mother's affectionate welcome was unchanged. The matter was not mentioned again. He knew it would not be. Yes, they trusted him—so loyally, so splendidly, they trusted him!—They placed on him the unspoken but inescapable heritage they had received. He would wrong it in no way. Mrs. Van Hart had summed it up to the judge alone last night. "Harlan would not marry an impossible girl any more than you would, dear—or your father, or your father's father. It was one of those chivalrous madnesses of youth; and the girl is pretty. I was so sorry for her! And this ridiculous newspaper prize-winning! It was mercifully fortunate after all. If anything could cut Harlan to the quick it would be cheapness and vulgarity and notoriety. An infatuation might blind him to her social ineptitude — but this beauty-prize absurdity—nothing could have been better to break the boy's Arcadian romance. Indeed, we got out of it with amusing ease."

The judge had sighed. He had, it seemed, discovered in this son some of the inner steel that the mother possessed clothed in her gracious authority. He had been aware of Harlan's questionings for a year or so in matters that did not come clearly in the mother's view; of a mind grasping with dogged slowness but merciless tenacity at altered standards.

He stopped now to banter his son over the soup, trying to assume their old fraternity of common views. What did Harlan expect to live on next year when he hung his shingle out?

"Perhaps I'll follow Billy Lee's example," badgered Harlan. "Specialize in irrigation law and go out to Arizona and hustle."

The mother smiled at this gay dissembling. A Van Hart having to "hustle" was unthinkable. The judge went on: "By sleeping on the office couch and taking your meals at the Gem—Chicago style—as it advertises you can probably pull through and pay for your gas and janitor.

"I'm going to give Harlan his first case." Mrs. Van Hart smiled. "He can go before the county board and argue for the Sinsinawa Creek diversion. Taylor says we could sell our north eighty if the creek was dammed above the quarry."

"Mother, that's a matter of politics and not law."

The judge looked curiously at the son. The assurance of a man was in him. Harlan went on: "There's a lot of grumbling over the road contracts Tanner gets out of the board with Don Boydston chairman. And now the farmers are saying that the county is going to spend thousands of dollars to divert the creek just at the point where it won't do anybody any good except Tanner and Cal Rice and Dickinson and —well—us, you know."

"The farmers?" the judge's gentle interrogation came.

"Old Jake Vance was saying. And Wiley—"

His father frowned. The mother's amused smile came. The News editor was an "impossible person" who was to be seen carrying his exchanges from the postoffice in shirt-sleeves and a derby hat much too small for his head.

"Wiley says it a great scheme of Thad's to get the county to protect his property from the spring floods and the county pays him for doing it!"

To Be Continued.

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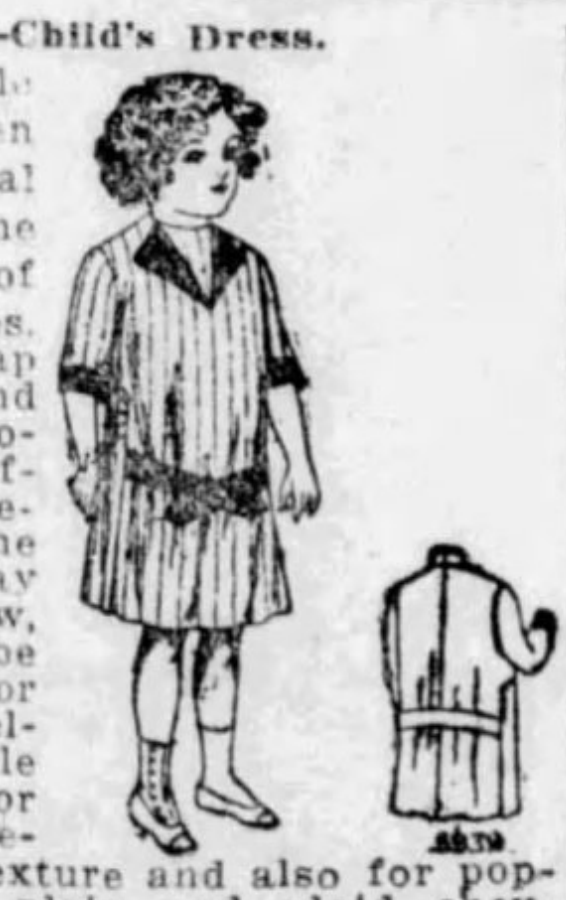
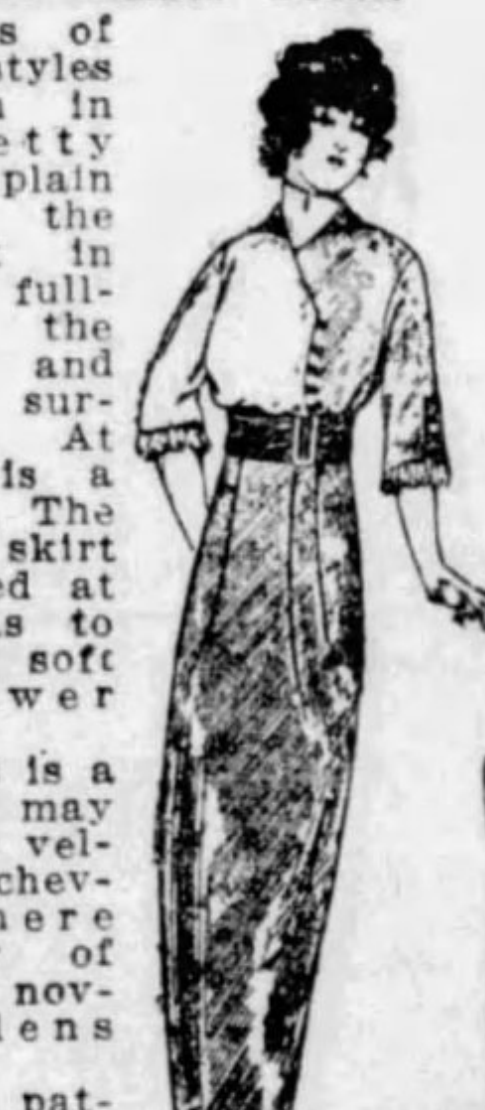
5939—Child's Dress.



This simple ck is given ornamental ect by the sual cut of side gores. ese overlap front and ck and pro- e a novel ef- t. Small re- s trim the k, which may high or low, eves may be l length or l at the el- w. This style suitable for wash mate- ls of firm texture and also for pop- velveteen, plain and plaid chev- and the like. e dress pattern 5939 is cut in es 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size uires 2⅝ yds. of 36 in. material.

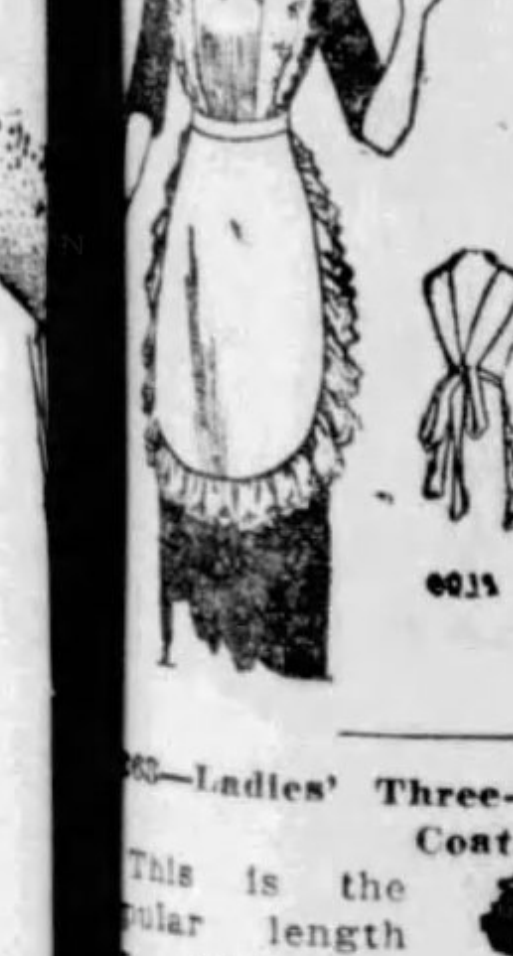
6422—Misses' Dress.



The lines of the new styles are shown in this pretty frock. The plain blouse has the sleeve set in without fullness at the shoulder and closes in surplice style. At the neck is a small collar. The two-piece skirt is so draped at the belt as to give a few soft folds lower down. This is a style which may be used for velvet, serge, cheviot, cashmere and many of the softer novelty woolens and silks.

The dress pattern 6422 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 44 inch material, with ½ yard of 36 inch satin for collar and girdle.

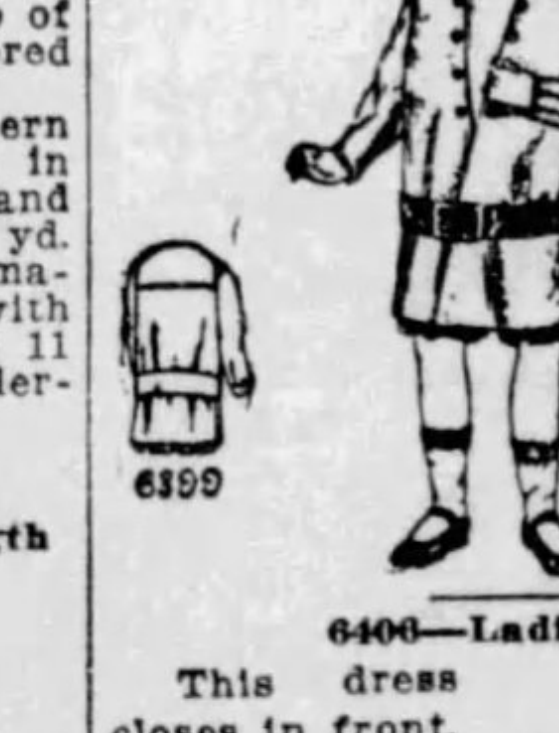
6055—Ladies' Apron.



This apron is made with a bib which protects the waist of a dress. The apron ties with string ties in the back. Muslin or cambric can be used for this apron with the bretelle and bib of embroidered edging.

The pattern 6055 is cut in one size and requires 1 yd. of 36 in. material with 2¼ yds. of 11 in. embroidered edging.

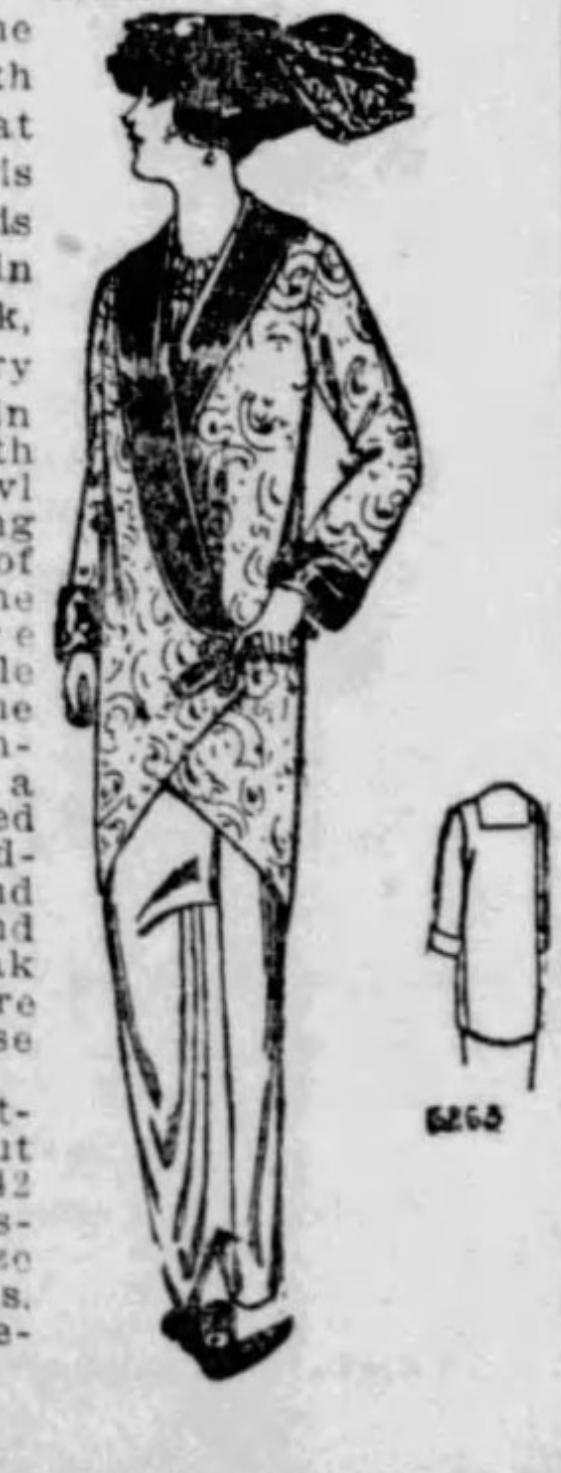
6399—Boys' Russian Suit.



A plain coat with a deep pointed vest, outlined by a wide collar. Sleeves tucked at the waist or gathered in a band. Bloomer trousers complete the suit.

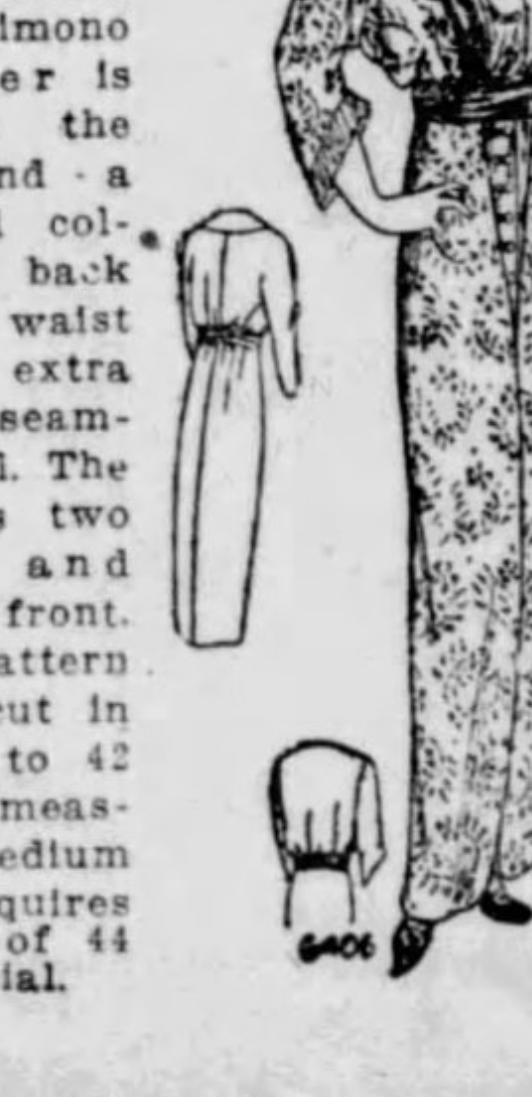
The suit pattern 6399 is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36 in. material.

63—Ladies' Three-Quarter Length Coat.



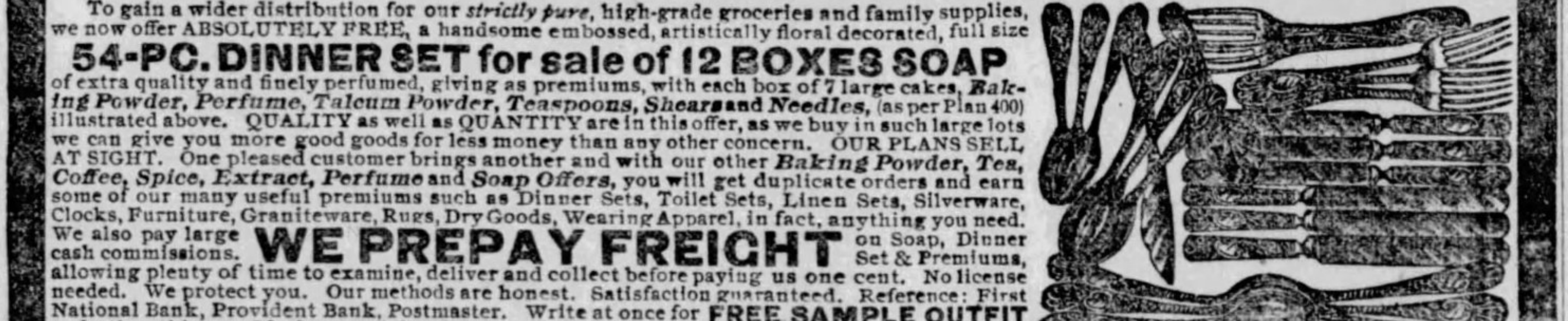
This is the ular length coats at sent. This ple model is de with plain nt and back, closing very down in and with and or shawl lar trimming outline of neck. The eves are in, a little at the st and fin- ed with a ff. Embossed vet, brocad- satin and k, crepon, and ported cloak terials are d for these ments. e coat pattern 6263 is cut sizes 34 to 42 bust meas- Medium size uires 4¼ yds. inch mate-

6406—Ladies' Dress.



This dress closes in front, where there is a flat vest, continuing on down the front of the skirt. The kimono shoulder is used on the waist and a long roll collar. The back of the waist has an extra applied seamless panel. The skirt has two gores and closes in front.

The pattern 6406 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4¼ yds. of 44 in. material.



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Technical World.

For centuries it has been remarked, and returning travelers today relate, that a strange growth of thick weeds and sedge near the surface of the waters of the Nile above Khartum are responsible for the impassibility of the river at that point.

German scientists, after a painstaking investigation of this twiggy, weedy, grassy, soggy, fiber-like mass, called suddite, constructed first a theory that this was the sort of stuff that under proper conditions became what we recognize as coal and they set about to prove their hypothesis.

Because coal is almost completely absent and practically prohibited for fuel uses at the necessarily high prices, need of fuel in the Sudan has kept the industrial development of the country back 50 years. There are 35,000 square miles of this Nile suddite. It roots about three feet beneath the surface of the river and grows to about 20 feet in height from the Nile's bed. Composed of roots, stems, flowers, grasses, papyrus and the like, it reappears, even if absolutely removed at any spot, in less than three weeks.

Now the first step taken by these scientists was to arrange for the transportation of the suddite to Khartum. The natives, every three weeks, cut the mass down, tie it in faggots, make rafts of the material, and float it to Khartum. This is taken to an industrial plant and transformed into dry, compact packages.

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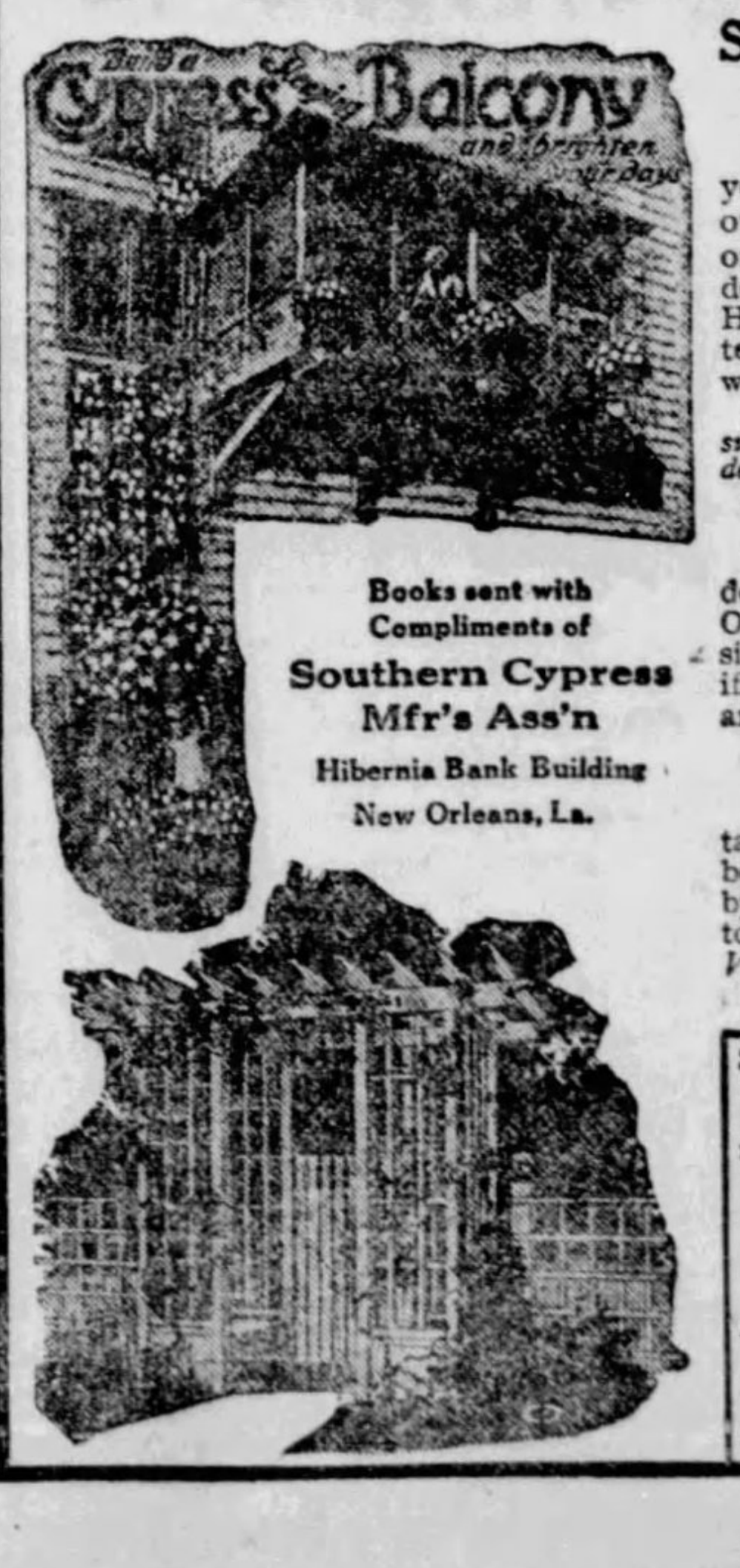
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1913.

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Lively Times

These are lively times in the advertising columns of The Blade. Every reader should be able to find something of special interest to him.

The devil is always on the job, but never complains that he is overworked.

Probably it was a young man who originated the idea that there is no fool like an old fool.

Huerta seems to become more unrecognizable every day. After while his own folks won't know him.

When a man and his wife go fishing together the wife usually catches about ten to the old sinner's one.

Naturally a woman can't help thinking there is some little good in the man who tries to make love to her.

China offers $2.50 for the capture of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The Chinese government possesses a sense of humor.

President Wilson's originality will receive a thorough test when he sits down to write a Thanksgiving proclamation.

But if Dr. Wiley is right about women being created first, what is to become of the argument that she is an improvement?

Usually it is a woman who wants to know how cider can be kept sweet. Men seem to like it best when it bites like a serpent.

Mother has a place for everything, but there are times when it is good policy to change the location of the jam and cookies.

We make the prediction that peace will come to Mexico just as soon as all the pessimists down there join a Don't Worry club.

By making voting a duty instead of a privilege, the feminine suffragists will be placed in the position of fighting to have a duty thrust upon them.

Nature does some things that are incomprehensible. We don't believe anybody can tell why a big, powerful man was given a little squeaky voice.

An Iowa farmer lost $15,800 which he had placed under his pillow. Money will never be safe under a pillow until burglars carry alarm clocks.

Among the fond memories of the fellow whose boyhood was spent on the farm is cider-making day, when he drank three times as much as was good for him.

You could nominate a deaf and dumb man for municipal office on Monday morning and he would say "howdy-do" to everyone in his precinct before Saturday night.

In this country some men count ten before they speak, but the wise Mexican senator makes his will, bids his family and friends good-bye and then expresses himself.

Big Jim Thorpe, the athlete, is married. Jim has had his romance. While a member of the Carlisle football team he kicked himself into the heart of an Indian maiden.

Now and then some old institution springs into prominence and revives memories of bygone years. The other day a New Hampshire woman flagged a train with her red petticoat.

Pumpkin pie made of squash can be recognized at first sight. It has a golden glow that gladdens the heart, while the real pumpkin article presents a dark, foreboding aspect.

A hen at the Oregon agricultural college has laid 283 eggs in a year, breaking all records. This proves beyond question that an education will increase the producing capacity of a hen.

"Aerobus" is the name of a new flying vehicle, which is to carry six or more passengers. This may mean much for the future. An aerobus line from Tweedledee to Tweedledum is a possibility.

Unfortunately there is nothing in the federal constitution to prohibit Vice President Marshall from riding a motorcycle. Our forefathers looked into the future, but they couldn't see everything.

The department of agriculture is wrong; popcorn for breakfast is an absurdity. The time to eat popcorn is in the evening. A washboiler full, snow-white and as light as thistle down, two pecks of luscious apples, and a few well-told fairy tales to quicken the imagination—there you have the stuff that cobwebby dreams are made of.

RECREATION FOR THE FARMER.

Mechanical improvements have lightened the work upon the farm. But they have not brought about a decrease in the amount of work that has to be done. Rather the things to do have increased in number. The duties have become more insistent. Responsibility has developed a lustiness that can try the vigor and stamina of any farmer. There is still need for every ounce of muscular strength that can be mustered, for watchfulness and resourcefulness and willingness to sacrifice rest and leisure.

The next great step in agricultural development must be to make mechanical contrivances as nearly automatic as possible. Effort should be directed to reducing the total amount of muscular strength necessary to successful farming, instead of merely reducing the muscular requirements of any one part of the farm-work. Thorough organization, co-operation, betterments of one kind or another, the farmer's position should be such that he can leave his work to obtain relief from the weariness of rountine and not be pursued by the demons of anxiety. A responsibility which cannot sometimes be shifted or sometimes locked away in a closet means slavery of the worst kind.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an old saying, but only recently has it been throught worthy to treat it as an axiom. A virtue has been made of work that is unbroken until the worker breaks down. The human machinery is understood better now.

It is recognized that everyone is better off for a reasonable amount of leisure as everyone is better off for doing something useful. The farmer deserves his rest. Science and invention will have to provide it. For it is to be feared that the farmer, bound to a tradition of excessive industry and faced with the sight of something always to be done, will not find it for himself.

THE FENCE GOING UP.

Beginning November 1, the guardianship of migratory birds will be in the hands of the United States department of agriculture. As the experts of this department have figured that the insects, which the song birds would eat if the birds were permitted to live, cost the American farmer some millions of dollars a year, it may be accepted as a fact that the guardianship will be exercised.

It will be the part of wisdom for the hunter who will take robin if duck isn't to be had to seek a buyer for that easy-triggered shotgun of his. It will be the safe thing for parents who present their boys with rifles to arrange for bail in advance. For it is decreed that the song bird shall have a show for his life and a chance to satisfy his passion for bugs. And this carries with it the warning that if gun-owners must shoot something and birds only are at hand they, the gun-owners, had best confine the slaughter to that not-despised game of nimrods, the switch signals of the railroads—that is, if the railroads do not object.

THE ORE SUPPLY.

People who live upon the Great Lakes have taken it for granted that the ore trade, which constitutes the bulk of the shipping, would some day, perhaps not far away, cease to exist. Estimates showing that the ore deposits would run out in thirty or forty years have been quoted frequently and so authoritative were they in tone, thoughtful men have considered what could be done to keep the waterways busy after the iron began to dwindle.

That it may be several generations before the lake ports will have to worry over the prosperity of navigation was brought out at the proceedings instituted by the government for the dissolution of the steel trust. The testimony showed that exploration for new deposits had been exceedingly successful. Immense reserves of iron ore have been mapped. When the present workings are exhausted new beds will be opened, new railroads laid and new mining villages established. The work of exploitation is going on quickly, but the time for troubling over the question as to where ore is to come from has been indefinitely postponed.

THE DISPELLING OF DELUSION.

One reads of the attempt to launch boats in that terrible sea, of the vessels of rescue that ringed the burning ship round, of the call that went out over the waters, of the swift answer out of the ether, of the arrival of the soother of storms, of the quieting of the waves, the dropping of boats and the saving of four hundred lives—one reads of these and then thinks of that growing political party whose basic belief it is that every human impulse springs from selfishness.

The orator, for a while, might convince us of the littleness of mankind. But a simple tale of heroism that comes clicking in over the wires can wipe that conviction all away.

DISAPPEARANCE MADE EASY.

Through the system of reporting which Lloyd's has built up, it seldom happens that a vessel disappears utterly from the ken of man. If it meet with delay, the news reaches shipowners and shippers promptly though the message may have to travel three-quarters round the earth. If it is wrecked, the wreckage, nine chances in ten, will be sighted and the word sent on. The seas are wide and lonely, but they are under the constant observation of men who report the things they see as a matter of duty and routine.

But what system of reporting can keep tab upon the aeroplanes and airships once they become as the ships of the sea? The ocean is a mill-pond compared with the vastness of the skies. The aeroplanes are small. Great bulk seems to work against the efficiency and manageableness of the dirigible. The aeronaut who goes forth upon a journey may be seen a little while as he soars to the air current he desires, and then vanish forever from all knowledge. His machine may come down in a lake or a stream and never be come upon. The wreckage may hang to the high branches of a forest tree until rain and wind have disintegrated the wood and canvas and let the metal parts fall to the ground, there to rust and become as a part of the forest bed.

The era of aerial navigation may be one also of "mysterious disappearances," of vanishings grown commonplace.

WILD HONEY.

The honey that comes out of a bee tree is not always as sweet as the old-time compliment, "sweet as a bee tree," might lead one to suppose. The bees that run wild do not seem to have the fine taste in nectar that their domesticated cousins have. Sometimes there are poisonous spots in wild honey, at least there are legends to that effect, and often, if the colony is old and the comb large, the honey is black as night.

But the bee-hunter, now, alas, to be classed with professions that have passed on, cared little about discoloration and worried not at all about poison. To find a bee tree meant the exercise of keen eyesight, woodcraft, patience and judgment. The wandering bee seemed to have a prejudice against going straight to the hive. He moseyed along from flower to flower, stopped to talk or fight with a fellow bee or, as if he knew he was being followed, dived into thickets and hummed straight across some bottomless bog. Then, too, the bees might seem to have shelter in some high hollow around which they could be seen to hover and which would prove, after hard scramblings up the tree or the feeling of it, to be merely a sort of insect watering trough. So when the right tree was located and the comb laid bare, it was well won. It was as treasure-trove earned by the blisters on the shoveler's hands.

Wild honey reaches few tables nowadays. But at those few it is held incomparably better than the honey of commerce. It is free of the taint of money.

GUILT THAT LOOKS LIKE MARTYRDOM.

The justice of the verdict against Governor Sulzer is cast under shadow by the nature of the proceedings by which the governor was brought to trial. There seems to be no question that he was guilty of a number of acts unseemly and irregular in a man holding high office. But there seems, too, to be no question that the judges were determined in advance of trial that he should be found guilty whether the evidence was worthy, or of the texture and substance of cobwebs. Governor Sulzer was before a packed jury. To many persons, in the disgust and horror of such an arrangement, the governor's actual guilt means nothing at all. Beside the immortality of the political forces which hunted up the evidence, prepared the charges and conducted the trial, Mr. Sulzer's immoralities are but the misbehaviors of a child.

One may wonder if it would be best for the world to have a perfectly clean understanding as to the principles of right and wrong, so clear that the ruthlessness of Governor Sulzer's prosecutors would be left out of consideration and Governor Sulzer's abuse and misuse of his powers alone considered. Thinking of this case, we know that such an understanding would be lacking in that beloved human quality which puts the sense of fairness above the sense of logic.

Mr. Sulzer is disgraced. But his disgrace is made to look like martyrdom.

HUMAN NATURE MADE OVER.

It has been said that Bismarck transformed a musical and poetical people into soldiers and chemists and world traders, thus making the saying that human nature cannot be changed look foolish. The Bismarckian achievement was very great, but it wasn't more wonderful, except that it was carried out on a bigger scale, than the transformation the moving picture man has wrought on the Apache Indians.

In Geronimo's day of glory, the Apache seemed about as poor material for benevolent assimiliation as a rattlesnake. He was incompatible, it appeared, with civilization, being indifferent to the attraction of highly colored calico, taking no pleasure in riding on the steam cars and even ignoring the temptations of fire water. He was subdued, but his subjection was like that of the dynamite in the magazine at the stone quarry. It was likely to blow up suddenly. The war-patch shimmered in the Apache's imagination as a thing of unqualified beauty. The rule among the inhabitants and the soldiers of the southwest was to assume that the Apache was an uncertain quantity, prone to gather in a scalp if the owner of the scalp wasn't careful. But in time the moving picture man came along. He hired the Apache to play he was on the war-path. He got him to take scalps in a make-believe game. He provided him with fun and, as if that were not enough, paid him for it.

The Apache is another creature. He is happy. He is prosperous. And a niche for him in civilization has been found. The moving picture man is the Bismarck of the southwest.

If there were no fat women there never would be any fun at a family picnic.

UNKNOWN PARTS OF THE WORLD

The discovery of new land in the Arctic regions is chiefly interesting to those who wish to know how much land surface there is upon the globe. From the account of the explorers who came upon this extension of the Asian continent, it would seem to be covered with great sheets of ice, to be uninhabited of any life and probably altogether uninhabitable. Even the gold seekers who dare the Arctic cold and waterless stretches of tropical desert may never venture there.

There is still a romantic spell about the discovery of new land. But with the conquest of the rigors of the Poles, the interest in this sort of exploration is already beginning to fade. The greater interest now is in learning the countries whose boundaries are known, but whose mountains and valleys, plains and swamps and rivers, remain unmapped. There are such sections in the deep interior of Asia. Africa, the great field of exploration of the last half century, is yet fallow for those who have more taste for detail than Park and Livingstone and Stanley. Once in awhile news comes of disaster to some expedition in New Guinea. The expedition that can go from one end of the island to the other and escape being eaten will have won fame enough to last a century or two. The journey which Colonel Roosevelt is to make in South America will be by waterways, the course of which is in dispute among geographers.

A RACE.

The Panama canal is expected to open to settlement and commerce thousands of miles of territory that have scarcely been explored. It is counted upon to multiply the vessels upon seas over which the smoke of steamers may be seen but once or twice in the course of months. It will be a larger world for men's activities when the waterways is completed. But yet, when other work is finished at Panama, the world will have been drawn more closely together. For the biggest of the wireless stations in course of erection there will be able to talk with San Francisco and Washington on the north and with Buenos Ayres and Valdivia, four hundred miles beyond Valparaiso, on the south.

It is a curious race between two lines of enterprise—the one that endeavors to provide new land and new markets and new interest for the human species, the other that endeavors to bring vast distances as close together as the dwellers of a tenement.

THE DEADLY ZEPPELIN.

It is firmly believed in England that a Zeppelin airship flew across the North Sea one dark and stormy night, hovered over London and then raced back to the German shores before dawn could betray it. Another airship succeeded in running nearly a thousand miles before coming to earth. Others have maneuvered over armies at practice and still others have been employed in connection with naval vessels, demonstrating at least if weather conditions were suitable, that they could prove valuable aids in time of battle. In spite of many accidents, faith in the Zeppelins has increased, and, apparently, the German government was convinced that they would better serve the ends of the military service than would aeroplanes.

This latest and most disastrous accident, however, will probably change the course of opinion in Germany. It will surely postpone the development of the airship indefinitely and raise so violent a prejudice against it that even a government fixed in its opinion will not dare to go ahead building these aerial monsters. Possibly it will send Count Zeppelin into disgrace.

Beside the dirigible balloon, the aeroplane looks a very weak and unsubstantial thing. In point of deadliness, too, it seems a weakling.

THE PRICE OF DEBT.

Between 1900 and 1904, the railroads found no great difficulty in borrowing money at 2 and 3 per cent. But after 1904, bonds at these low rates could scarcely be placed. By 1911 they had all but disappeared, and the 3 and 4 per cents constituted only one-ninth of the total, where in 1904 they had been more than one-third. The 4 to 5 per cents, beginning an almost unbroken rise, climbed by 1911 to a place where they were more than 60 per cent of the railroad funded debt.

In seven years, 5 to 6 per cent money has soared from $804,000,000 in railroad borrowings to $1,883,000,000; 4 to 5 per cent money has gone from $2,146,000,000 to $5,897,000,000 and 3 and 4 per cent money has decreased from $2,576,000,000 to $1,117,000,000.

The rising interest is due to a variety of causes, some of which are independent of the increasing demand for money. But it may be assumed that so far as railroads are concerned, the increase is due largely to the vast weight of the bonded debt the railroads carry. In other words, the more they borrow the more they are expected to pay for it.

The railroads still need several billions of capital to work with. The prospect is that before they can carry out their hopes for extending trackage and have four freight cars where now they have one—which is said to be their need—they will be paying interest suggestive of the time of war and panic.

Will Be Tame.

Washington Star.

"Do you think your wife will be happy when she gets the vote?"

"I'm afraid she won't," replied Mr. Meekton. "Merely going to the polls and casting a ballot will seem pretty tame compared to organizing these great suffrage demonstrations."

Princes as Warriors.

The war between Turkey and the Balkans has been noted for the number of royal princes who have fought upon the battlefields.

King Nicholas, the sturdy ruler of plucky little Montenegro, and his three sons were the first to engage in warfare, Prince Peter, the younger, having fired the shot which began the momentous war, heralding, as events have turned out the downfall of Turkey in Europe. The crown prince of Montenegro holds the most important command in the Montenegrin forces, and Prince Mirgo has also served in the war with great distinction.

Prince Arsene, the youngest brother of the king of Servia, became famous for his daring raid and capture of the important Turkish stronghold of Veles. King Peter's two sons have also fought bravely at the head of their regiments.

As crown prince, the present King Constantine of Greece was commander-in-chief of all the Greek forces, and gained great renown for his many successes during the war. It is against the practice of modern warfare for a reigning sovereign to be seen on the actual field of battle, but King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been practically commander-in-chief of the allied forces, keeping always in touch with the vanguard of the army.

The last battle in which a British sovereign personally led his troops on the battlefield was in 1742, when George II., at the head of his army, defeated the French at the battle of Dettingen.

Seaweed as Fertilizer

A RECENT report made by scientists of the bureau of soils, department of agriculture, during the regime of Secretary Wilson, contained the following important and significant statements:

"The most promising source of potash at present is found in the large areas of kelp groves, or sea algae, lying along the Pacific coast, growing wherever there is a rocky bottom and a rapid tideway, at depths of from six to ten fathoms. These groves are of various areas, from beds of a fraction of an acre up to stretches five miles in length and two or more miles in width. During the past summer about 100 square miles of kelp groves have been mapped in different localities from Puget Sound to Point Loma, and we have studied the character of the algae, as well as the conditions necessary to their utilization commercially, and their maintenance as a permanent resource of the country. Many more areas yet remain to be studied and mapped, but from what has been accomplished in this preliminary work, I am assured that a conservative estimate shows that the kelp which could be gathered from the 100 square miles already surveyed, and without detriment to the permanence of the groves, should yield 1,000,000 tons of chloride of potash annually, worth at least $35,000,000, or about thrice the value of present importations of potash salts from Germany.

"Satisfactory methods of gathering the kelp are yet to be worked out, but present only minor mechanical difficulties. The value of the kelp is, moreover, probably much greater than is represented by the contents of the potash alone. Our laboratories have shown that iodine and other useful products can be obtained which will pay in large measure, if not fully, the cost of gathering and substracting the potash salts. Enough has been accomplished to show that this country has within its borders resources to meet the fertilizer requirements of the present and a greatly increased use in the coming years."

Scientists have long recognized the fact that the economic value of seaweeds is very great; but this form of vegetation has been regarded, in general, as of little value for industrial purposes. Until the official announcement was made by Secretary Wilson, the thought could have occurred to but few that the kelps of the Pacific coast might be of inestimable value to agriculturalists of the interior, and were capable of bringing to pass a material modification of our trade relations with Germany. However, months before Secretary Wilson's report was made public a company was organized at San Diego for the purpose of harvesting kelps and extracting from them the potash and other valuable constituents. The plans of this company, and the methods it proposes to follow, have been kept profoundly secret.

Sunday School

WHEN THE "I" GETS TOO BIG

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 26 is "The Sin of Moses and Aaron." Numbers 20:1-13.

"Another case of swelled head." That is the colloquial epitaph which the world writes above many a man's failure. Despite the experience of 5,000 years of history, all of which chorus to us to be humble and to walk softly, we go strutting our peacock way through life, as though we alone were great. The incurable egotism of mankind has in it some wisdom, but much folly. Self-inflation is the first step toward collapse. The men who think more highly of themselves than they ought to think, often are thought less highly of by other men than they really deserve.

The great old lawgiver, Moses, one of the crowning figures of time, missed the mark for this most human of reasons. This Sunday school lesson deals with the sin which shut the leader from the Promised Land to which he had led the people. It seems such a little sin, such a pardonable, natural weakness, such an abundantly provoked offense, that at first we are inclined to question whether the punishment is not too great for the crime. Shut out of Canaan because he "got mad," and shamefully displayed his egotism — that is the tragedy of the life of Moses.

Failing on the Home Stretch.

The setting of the event is dramatic. The children of Israel had nished the greater part of their journey from Egypt to Palestine. For 38 years they had been camped at Kadesh-Barnea, waiting for the faint-hearted and unbelieving to pass away. All the old leaders were gone, except Moses, Aaron, Joshua and Caleb. At last the waiting period had drawn to a close. Moses was an old man, and his eyes were hungry for the Land of Promise.

Then, an outbreak of impatience on the part of the people, because the water supply was short, led the leader of the host into a display of temper and pride paralleling that of the people—and, lo! of an instant, the hopes of a life time went shattering to the ground. The word of Jehovah went forth that Moses should not enter the Promised Land up to which he had guided the people. He had lost the race on the homestretch.

Such things are possible. That is why a canny world objects to biographies of living men they may, in the end of their lives, nullify and dishonor all their shining past. Therefore the Christian is bidden to "watch and pray," lest he be led in to temptation. Even the stalwart Apostle Paul feared lest he himself should be a castaway. There is no room for pride or pharasaism in even the ripest saint's life; we have too many illustrations of the grim possibility of a holy life slipping into unholy deeds in its sunset hour. The best of us never get beyond the need for dependence upon the grace of God, or the hourly support of His Spirit. The message of Moses is one of humility and reverent trust.

When "Vox Populi" Grows Noisy.

Popular clamor is often the voice of God; and sometimes it is only a taste for free "bread and circuses." At times the call of the people is to be obeyed, and at other times it is to be disregarded. Always the really great leaders will look upon popular outbursts with the indulgence of a father toward children, knowing that these are their "way."

The bringing together of all the people at one spot, preparatory to the march into Canaan, and the coincidence of a dry season, caused a shortage of water. There is nothing very remarkable about this. During the Spanish-American war the American military concentration camp suffered such a drought, and the murmuring filled the land. The children of Israel were chronic grumblers. They had not learned self-constraint. Even this second and better crop were prone to forget what God had done for them.

So they blamed Moses for their trouble. And it was his business to take the blame, however unjust it might be. That goes with the position of leadership. Moses was quick to claim credit for himself therefore he should not shirk responsibility. He and his brother very sensibly took their trouble to Jehovah—the very best place to take trouble. There he learned the way out; he should speak to the rock and it would give forth water.

A Good Deed in a Bad Way.

What a person says in temper is often a revelation of his innermost character which in calmer moments he has prudently disguised. There is no need to analyse the mood of Moses; enough to know that, when, after his interview with Jehovah, he confronted the multitude, he was impatient and angry. Perhaps this was one expression of spiritual pride. Perhaps he felt himself too big for his task. Certainly his words show that he was thinking more of himself than of people's need or of God's honor. It was a return to the immaturity of self-consciousness.

The command was for him to speak to the rock, that it might give forth water. He obeyed, but in the wrong fashion; just as a child may fulfill a parent's command, yet in such a sullen manner as to be essentially disobedient. Instead of making the occasion one for increasing the people's reverence, and enhancing the glory of Jehovah, Moses and his brother came strutting forth, in prideful pomposity, crying contemptuously to the crowd, with never a thought of their happiness, but only of his own dignity—"Hear now, ye rebels; shall we bring water out of this rock and Moses lifted up his hand, and smote the rock with his rod twice, and water came forth abundantly."

Ah, Moses how could you? Knew you not that deeds of grace should be done graciously? The manner of giving a cup of cold water may be as refreshing as the draught itself. Sour saints sometimes spoil sweet service by the nature of its performance. A rigid, self-conscious, unloving doing of the works of righteousness never honors God.

In this particular instance, Moses was robbing God of the honor that belonged to Him. Much as he accented the "we" in the miracle, the fact remained, and the people knew it, that the praise belonged to Jehovah. Moses behaved like the office-boy on a newspaper, or a very young reporter, who frequently acts as if he were the editor-in-chief. The people got the water, but they drank with no feeling of good will to Moses. He flung the benefaction as a crust to a beggar; he gave none of himself with the gift. A little more real democracy would have served Moses well just then.

"And the Door Was Shut."

Wise discipline is not in perpetual nagging, but in clear, adequate and unmistakable punishment for the violation of well-understood law. We never know which offense, even after we have been emboldened by long immunity, is going to bring retribution.

The arrogant clerk, who presumes upon what he believes to be his indispensability to the business, is surprised when he suddenly finds himself out of a position. When Moses petulantly and pridefully wrought the great miracle, and took to himself the praise which belonged only to God, he never dreamed that swift and dire punishment would follow. His state of mind had been a gradual growth, like that of the conceited evangelist who comes to thing that he is the important member of the firm in the business of soul wining.

Over and over again let it be written that "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," insistent upon His royal prerogatives. "God will not be king at all, unless he is king in all." His honor is concerned in maintaining His sovereignty, and He will not let any man or nation flout him in this. The old phrase should be written on every heart, "Do let God be God." Moses usurped God's place and God's praise. The "I" swelled to larger proportions than the "Thou." This was a breach of faith, a failure in loyalty and a lack of reverence.

Swift fell the bow. Like the foolish virgins who found the door to the wedding feast shut, so Moses suddenly was told that the borders of the Promised Land were closed against him. The hopes of all the years fell clattering to the ground out of Moses' hand. He had failed God; and for his very soul's sake, as well as for the good name of Jehovah in the eyes of the people, he must be punished. In an hour and a way that we know not, God vindicates himself, in the case of every one of us. The words of Micah are a good ending: "What doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

ROB ROY, by Sir Walter Scott.

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, son of a rich English merchant, went on a visit to the estate of his uncle, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, and there proceeded at once to fall in love with his host's niece, Diana Vernon.

Sir Hildebrand had six sons. He had had seven, but one of them had been hanged for some crime. The fond father, in summoning his sons to dinner, was wont to call all seven, because, as he explained, for the life of him he could never remember which one had been hanged.

Of the six survivors none had any especial ability except Rashleigh, who was, incidentally, a thoroughbred scoundrel, crafty and unscrupulous. Between Francis and his cousin Rashleigh at first sprang up a mortal hatred, fanned to a white heat by the fact that both loved Diana.

George I. was king of England. And in Scotland the Jacobite faction was busy plotting to depose him and restore the Stuarts to the English throne. Rashleigh, like Diana and the latter's exiled father, was a strong Jacobite. But when Diana refused to marry him he turned traitor, betraying Jacobite secrets to the government.

By way of enriching himself and injuring Francis, he absconded with valuable papers belonging to Francis' father.

Francis received from his father a frenzied appeal to recover these documents, as without them the old merchant would be ruined. And Francis set forth through the Scottish highlands in search of Rashleigh.

Before he left Diana she gave him a letter bidding him (in case he could not succeed in his quest) to open it on a certain day.

The highlands at that time were terrorized by the depredations of a mountain outlaw whose full name was Robert Roy McGregor Campbell, but who was known to those whom he robbed and those whom he befriended as "Rob Roy."

Rob Roy was a sort of Scottish Robin Hood. Having been despoiled by the Duke of Montrose, he had abandoned his trade of cattle dealer and with his fierce Amazonian wife and a few reckless followers had fled to the hills and declared war on society at large. He had also espoused the Jacobite cause.

Francis found that the letter given him by Diana was addressed to Rob Roy. And the outlaw proved an invaluable friend to him, standing by him in peril and helping him onward in his quest. When Francis at last came face to face with Rashleigh the hate of the two young men burst past all bonds of restraint. Out flew their swords. And they were at each other's throats when Rob Roy parted them and forced them to postpone the hour of reckoning.

The Jacobite conspiracy failed. Its members were pursued relentlessly by the English government. And Francis found himself fast in the toils of suspicion. Personally he had had no hand in the plot. But his relations with Sir Hildebrand's family and with Rob Roy were against him. And it was with the greatest difficulty that he won his freedom.

But at length, through Rob Roy's aid he tracked down the missing documents on which his father's business solvency depended. He learned, too, as did Rob Roy, that Rashleigh had been "playing double" and betraying the secrets of the Jacobites who trusted him.

The traitor's punishment fell to Rob Roy, who by killing Rashleigh not only removed a scoundrel from the earth, but helped to clear away the obstacles that had kept Francis and Diana apart.

The last of these obstacles was leveled when Francis learned that a mysterious man whom Diana had been secretly meeting was no clandestine lover, as foolish jealousy had led the young man to believe, but her father, who, being a political exile, was able to visit his daughter only by stealth and in disguise. For the same reason she had been unable to explain his presence to Francis.

After Rashleigh's death Francis succeeded to the Osbaldistone estates and was further blessed by the hand of Diana Vernon.

A Rural Solomon.

"The court has taken your case into consideration, Mr. Slithers," said the Judge at Slithers' trial for violating the motor ordinances at Crickett's Corners, according to Harper's Weekly, "and in view of what ye've said, and with some trewth, about the badness of our roads hereabouts in your sworn testimony, I've decided not to fine ye $500, as the law permits."

"That's very square of you, Judge," said Slithers.

"We try to be square, Mr. Slithers," said the Judge; "and, instead of the $50 fine, we're goin' to sentence ye to work on them roads for ten days, in the hope that your sooperior wisdom as a road expert will make 'em consid'rably better."

The Canal Machinery

Philadelphia Ledger.

IT is uncertain till the gigantic auction is held, just how many millions will be saved by the sale of the Panama canal machinery, but official optimism is justified. A conservative estimate of the realizable value of the working plant is $25,000,000. The drills, the steam shovels, the dredges, 5,000 dump-cars (exclusive of cars in regular service on the Panama railroad), 302 steam locomotives, old and new, do not exhaust the inventory—in addition there are soil-spreading and track-laying machines, Lidgerwood unloaders, locomotive cranes, pile drivers. Many of these represent the last word in mechanical engineering, and will be useful in divers capacities for years to come. When the French regime collected about $250,000,000 and spent, perhaps, $50,000,000 on the sea-level project, their purchases included much wholly useless, though in most instances beautifully built machinery. Most of their importation to the isthmus, including such items as the lock-gates of M. Eiffel's design, has been good for nothing except as "scrap." The American machinery is almost without exception still available in the building of railways and canals throughout Central and South America and even in distant Alaska. The little antiquated Belgian locomotives are too light for the demands of freight and passenger traffic.

VARIETIES

Japan is encouraging the fruit gro ing industry.

New York will add 500 men to police force.

Japan devotes 75,000 acres to tobac raising.

The world's stock of money is es mated at $12,792,000,000.

Algeria will this year export abo 5,000,000 pounds of olive oil.

Oregon has 545,000,000,000 feet standing timber valued at $680,000,00

There are 7,000 monks on the Mou of Athos, in Southern Greece.

Electricity has been adapted to purposes about a household.

Washington stands first in lumb production, with Louisiana second.

There are 28 pounds of blood in body of an average grown-up person

It is said that documents and new papers may be preserved indefinite in a vacuum.

French people eat on an average 105 eggs a year each, English 85 a Italians only 48.

Furnace refuse from ocean steam is now discharged from an open below the water line.

The biggest apple orchard in world has 64,000 trees. It belongs Governor Morrill, of Kansas.

Capital punishment was abolished Italy in 1375. Since then murders ha increased 42 per cent.

Bolivia is the world's second larg producer of tin, the main supply co ing from the Malay straits.

The Indian ocean in its deepest pa is 18,582 feet. Its area is 28,000 square miles.

Divers are now equipped with a te phone so they are at all times in co munication with the surface.

In 10 years the average cost of Ca adian farm labor a week has increa from $5.75 to $7.16.

In China and Japan railway si boards bear the names of places both English and the native langua

While the horse market has been fected by the inroads of the autom bile, the mule market last year w better than ever.

The British government is consid ing an auxiliary motor boat rese for service in case of war.

The largest steel ingot ever cast recently produced in England, weighed 150 tons, was 33½ feet l and 80 inches wide.

An English company will deve 600,000 horsepower from Norweg water courses for the manufacture nitrogen products and carbide.

Cleopatra's needle is 68 feet high, a weighs 140 tons. The Luxor mo ment in Paris, also a single stone, 76 feet high and weighs 240 tons.

The population of the Danish colo of Greenland increased more rapi in the last 10 years than in any simi former period.

Made for exhibition purposes, largest shoes ever built is 7½ high, and contains 90 square feet upper leather and 80 pounds of leather.

In nearly 200 schools in Ireland struction is carried on in both Ir and English, as part of the prog to revive interest in Gaelic langu and literature.

During the recent salmon run British Columbia waters salmon w sold at retail in Vancouver shops 15 cents apiece, the fish averag five pounds, dressed.

A wooden stove pipe 13½ feet diameter, and almost a mile long part of a waterpower plant in Wa ington. It is thought to be the larg construction of the kind.

In Minnesota the need for trai teachers of agriculture and dome science is so great that the School Agricultural Technology at the St University has taken for its main w the preparation of teachers for th subjects.

Equality of strength in both ar occurs almost twice as frequently w women as with men, more men th women being stronger in the right a than in the left.

At the request of the Halifax Bo of Trade the Canadian governm has appointed an inspector of app sold for local consumption. The sa inspection will be made as for app exported.

Canada has appropriated $10,000 to cover a period of ten years' instr tion and research in agriculture. T fund is to be distributed among provinces according to population.

Szechwan, one of the interior pr inces of China, has 60,000,000 inha tants and is conceded to be wealthiest area in China. The peo are superior and there is believed be a good opening for American bu here.

A naphthaline locomotive constru at the Creusot works in France wei 18 tons, develops 17 horsepower, co 0.7 cent an hour to operate and is pected to be used where water scarce or bad or for military ope tions.

The total acreage of Hungary about 80,000,000, of which 28 per c is in forest. Of this, 50 per cent owned by individuals or corporatio 20 per cent by municipalities, 15 cent by the government and 15 cent by the church.

The sultante of Zanzibar embra the islands of Zanzibar and Pem with several small islands in the jacent waters, and a strip of land miles in depth running along littoral of British East Africa. T strip is politically and economi under the government of British E Africa.

Thimbles have been known for ma centuries. Some specimens unearth archaeologists are known to be years old. They are of bronze, their outer surfaces show the fami indentations for engageing the he of the needle.

Much attention is being given henequen growing in the eastern of Salvador, where there is a la amount of land suited to its culti tion. This product bids fair to beco an important item of export. In 68 tons were exported, all to United States, as compared with tons in the preceding year.

Emperor William of Germany, w is a member of the Prussian st church, is leading in plans for the servance of the 400th anniversary the German reformation. This occ in 1917, and Lutherans all over t world will celebrate. It comes th years before the Puritan celebratio this country, in 1920.

It is said that American farmers more paint on the buildings than other farmers of the world. The p ple of this country paint every years on an average, but in Fra Holland and other European count the painting is done on an average every five years. Americans use mo bright colors than any other nation

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE LAUNCH OUT CLUB

By Martha Holden.

It was more as a talk among neighbors that meeting after the picnic supper at the Brisch cabin. Dr. Will piled the fire place with old apple boughs, which snapped and cracked and flamed in a way to inspire the most prosaic company. Lights burned low in the wall lanterns, and the firelight had its way. It played on faces with many furrows, investing them with a flush of roseate softness, it shone in the bright eyes of youth, reflecting there the wistfulness which only age can conquer.

Everybody felt the sympathetic companionship of the open fire, and when Dr. Brisch called the party to order, it didn't seem like a real meeting of the Launch Outs at all.

Even the doctor, who is a matter of fact and rather abrupt man, remarked: "WE feel like telling fairy stories around this fire, I know, but we can transact a little business. I hope that will make some fairy tales come true.

"We get a great deal of talk in our modern fiction and magazines," said the doctor, "about the pathetic farmer's wife; where is she? Not in this crowd?" and he looked over his eyeglasses at the wholesome well-dressed matrons. "You wouldn't make good story subjects for the magazines; you're too prosperous. There's a little thing, though, that I'd like to call you attention to, and that is, a greater co-operation with the town people.

"The trouble is the farmer is the most independent man, and his wife and daughters, while they do certain kinds of domestic work, are not often the drudges they are pictured by the writers who know little of actual conditions. It's the poorer class of women in our towns and cities that have the truly hard time. I ask you to think about them a bit. Give some of your canned fruit and your fresh eggs and good cream to the charitable institutions in your nearest town. Co-operate with the town women who labor to support hospitals and social centers; they need you and you need them—launch out."

"There's one thing I should like to see our Launch Out Club accomplish," said Mrs. Brooks, the minister's wife. "and that's a good rural school library.

"So many of our children of the farms have access to few good books. We should take advantage of the state's circulating libraries. Some books in each library should be selected to tempt the appetite of those not interested in reading, such as books with attractive covers, books fully illustrated and books of short stores. Children like the 'pretty book;' then they want to see what it says inside about the pictures."

"I haven't any Launch Out ideas," said Miss Ellen Mortiner, "but I wish to give my views on the so-called down-trodden farmer's wife. The helpful, cheerful farmer's wife is so plentiful in this section that we don't know the other kind at all. But she does exist, and let me tell you, that a complaining farmer's wife, or any other wife, will be a failure anywhere. Not being a wife, I can speak freely on this subject, I hope," and Miss Ellen glanced keenly about the shadowy room. "I'll just tell you about a woman I knew, a wife, who used to be a regular chronic complainer. One New Year's she decided to turn over a new leaf. So she added to her daily prayer: 'Oh, Lord, make me easy to live with.' It helped to reform her, and I think she launched out a good deal, and you would think so, too, if you'd known her before and after, as I did."

"A good way to co-operate with the townspeople is to do our Christmas buying early," said Ruth Cole.

"Which reminds me," said Lizzie Brisch, "that the children ought to have a Santa Claus Club, and send their toys and gifts of clothing to the orphans' home."

Ways and means for the good and the pleasure of the greatest number were thus informally discussed. Every community feels its own spiritual and intellectual needs, and it can best supply them by the concentrated effort and wise counsel of all of its members.

Mr. Boggs, an old soldier who had been sitting silently in the shadow, at last added his word to the discussion.

"There's a woman in our community," he said, a friend of my wife, whom we never see or hear tell of unless we drive over there. She lives off on a side road, in the old homestead left her by her mother. She is past 60 years of age, yet all through the winter she carries water from a well a long way off. She goes sometimes through the snow up to her knees. Through unfortunate business speculation she has nothing left except this roof over her head; no money to repair the well near her home, none to buy clothes to go to church. Because she never complains or asks charity, she is forgotten. Here's a good place to start a subscription; let's make her a little comfortable for winter, people."

Everybody agreed, and a comfortable sum of money was raised then and there.

Moreover, the love of one's neighbor glowed anew in each breast, and every woman there vowed to herself to give something of comfort to this less fortunate neighbor.

Thus the picnic came to a happy end, and the winter's Launch Out work attained a glorious beginning.

THE COZY CORNER

**Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.**

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN

Dear Blade Readers: I am an old soldier. I am 83 years old. I served in the Confederate army in the Forty-eighth Virginia regiment, in Company A. I was wounded at Shenandoah river, East Berryville; was taken to Lynchburg hospital. I remained there one month, and came home and was at home when Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant. I have five boys and one girl. Have sixty-three grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. My companion passed away 13 years ago. I now live with my son. I would like very much to receive letters and cards from any one who wishes to write to a "Rebel" soldier. I would like to have every old soldier in the United States to write to me.—A. J. Johnson, Clinchport, Va.

A PROTEST

I have many times felt that I would like to write to this department, and today after doing my washing and dinner over, I snatched the paper, and sat down to rest; my eye fell on C. M. G.'s letter and thought it so good, and it conveys my sentiments better than I can. I heartily wish every woman and girl that has the least sympathy with the sentiments herein expressed, would speak out boldly and denounce the contemptible fashions that are in vogue. The style of skirt worn at the present time is despicable in the extreme. My heart is pained to see such examples set before our dear youths. If all true, honest mothers would raise their voices in bitter protestation, would it not carry a weight that would tell? I am a reader of the Blade and am always glad to see such letters of true worth. I wish more would write for the betterment of humanity. If desired I might give a description of our valley in the future, and an experience I had with a mad dog might be interesting.—A Girl of Sixty-eight, Wash.

Let us have the descriptive letters.—M. H.

HAPPY IN WORK

I have read so many cheerful letters I thought I woud try to write one. I am a mother, 26 years old. Have two dear litle girls, one four years old, and baby will be two in December. I am a postmaster's wife, and we have one boarder; with the girls and all I'm always busy. I have a good many chickens, I feed and care for them and hunt the eggs myself until it gets real cold, and then my John helps. As this is my first letter I will quit. If I see this in print I will come again and bring some of my cooking receipts and tell something of the country where I live.—Mrs. L. B. B., Murat, Va.

We shall be gald to hear again as you promise.—M. H.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

Will you let a young housekeeper from Portland, Mich., into your happy circle? We have taken the dear old Blade for almost two years. And think we cannot do without it. I am going to have my husband sign for it, as we expect to go to housekeeping ourselves before long. We are boarding with my parents at the present time. I think every time we get The Blade, now I will write, but have not since a year ago this summer.

I think every housekeeper should enjoy working if they love their husbands as they should. For love lightens labor. Speaking of hobbies, mine are working, reading, writing and singing, trying to make every one near me happy. Laura May, Beatrice, W. Va., have you ever read a love story called St. Elmo? and another called She Loved Him?—Lucy Jones.

HOPEFUL SUGGESTIONS

I am a believer in education of the youth, physically, mentally and spiritually. The beautiful spring time and summer of another year have passed. Autumn is here. The melancholy time of year. But I trust we will all find so much to do that we will have no melancholy feeling. Be ever progressive, striving for the reward of the great beyond. Let us try each day to think what happiness and gladness we can bring into some one else's life, and try to forget our own trials in an unselfish duty. The average business farmer's wife has less time in reading and writing. Language to express themselves perhaps is not so carefully selected. But we can read and appreciate the Christian spirit, we hope, with which it is written. We all need patience and kindness. They tend to strengthen the gratitude of all whom we meet, and encourage us to think of friendship, peace and a warmer welcome. The humble sweetness of patience shames the vanities of man. Let us all work to awaken sentiment in the home, a new hope in the community in which we live.

And when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun, moon and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
And we will know how all God's plans were right.

President Says She May Stay

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, English suffragette, was ordered deported by a special board of immigration officials. Her case was appealed to President Wilson, who says she may stay and fill her lecture engagements, provided she is good.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Getting the Most From School.

The opening of the new school year is at hand. How can those attending get the most out of this school year? As an indirect answer it can be said: Those students will get the most out of this school year who put the most into it. This school year is a ladder, the highest rounds of which are wisdom, strength and joy. But no one can reach those highest rounds without treading the lower rounds of industry, patience and perseverance.—Brick Church Life.

Our Correspondents

We shall be glad to have the remainder of the rhymed books of the Bible, as offered by Rosa Belle.

Will you please ask someone to send me, as soon as possible, the poem in which these words, "A million a month in China are dying without God?"—Mrs. G. W. H., Ia.

Please publish directions for making sweet confectionery chocolates.—Mrs. A. S., N. Y.

Home again, after a never-to-be-forgotten stay of six weeks in Michigan. While there I met several members of the Peace Page. A good many took my written tickets and promised to copy for others and give wings to the thought. There is one way to avoid being a drunkard. The true way to get rid of the habit is to go to Jesus for the cure—it is free and it is sure. Ask God's help from day to day. That's the way.—Mrs. A. J. P., Neb.

THE OPTIMIST

The optimist is a live wire. His heart and soul are on the good things to come. He is not shooting arrows at the stars nor throwing his sweetheart kisses in the dark. He looks for good things because he strives for them. He puts his energies and his active brain to work to accomplish them. No real live optimist is an optimist unless he is willing to work for what he expects to gain and, although sometimes he does not reach the zenith of his optimistic desires, he is nevertheless out of the class with the fellow who, pessimistic like, tries his best, but looks for no success.

No man can expect to gain a victory unless his efforts are accompanied with the spirit of success to gain it. Few men enter a battle with a spirit of optimism indicated on their countenances, but they come out with flags "a-flying." If a man is chosen to perform some business task, he is usually the one who is beforehand, sure he can successfully carry it through. You don't find men given a task they think they can not perform successfully.

It's so pleasant to mingle and associate with an optimistic human being; his nature is one sought after; his company is pleasant, agreeable. He scatters sunshine all around him, leaves a good impression wherever he is. The man that is always looking and hankering after trouble, is successful usually in getting it. The man that looks only for success gets it, too.

There is a big difference between an optimist and a "rainbow chaser." Don't get them mixed; one is a man looking for the best things and willing to work to accomplish them; the other is a day dreamer, looking for a bag of gold, but too sleepy to get out of the stupor. An optimist, of the real sort, is the individual whose manly spirit goes through life with head erect, eyes bright and determination.

Success comes to him who strives for it, who is willing to put his brains and his muscles to work to attain it. He is the salt of the earth; he is the sunshine of the busy life. He accomplishes more through his optimism, lives longer, enjoys life while he goes through it, and everybody is sorry when he is gone. If you are not a born optimist, try to be one. It's good to be optimistic in every stage of the game of life, at your business or at home.—Insurance Press.

To Brighten the House

This is the true story of a woman who, having taken a house after careful cogitation, and having discovered to her satisfaction that it faced south, yet found it very gloomy and depressing. She was at a loss to discover why until a friend threw light upon her difficulty and helped her to overcome it.

"How can you expect that things shall look gay," asked the friend, "when your rooms are all papered in dark blues, greens and browns, with paint and panelings in somber tints to match?"

The woman reflected. What her friend said was true. There were the very colors which, instead of giving back the light from outside, merely absorbed it. At once she decided to have her house repapered and decorated.

Her good adviser, who had studied the question, begged her to bear in mind that white paint and paper reflect at least 50 per cent, whereas red, dark green and brown scarcely more than 12 or 14 per cent.

Plain papers with smooth surfaces were decided upon, for these light up infinitely better than rougher papers of the patterned variety and keep cleaner as well, since they are less liable to catch the dust. The dining room was paneled and painted a soft cream color and the living room was hung with a lovely pale apricot paper, while the bed room and dressing room that faced south were all white.

So that the rooms should not appear too cold, nor yet glaringly bright, carpets and hangings to contrast well with the whites and yellows were secured. Blue curtains of Oriental silk looked delightful in the living doom and a rosecolored carpet and flowery chintz hangings enlivened the white bedroom. In the yellow bedroom linen curtains of lightest, brightest leaf green were hung, taking a daffodil and its foliage for the color scheme. The hall and passage were paneled and painted white as well as the dining room, and but sparsely hung with pictures.—Exchange

ADDRESSES WANTED

Jodie of Tenn.
Taylor Archer.
Captain J. H. Johnson.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

**Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.**

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

OPTIMISM

I was very much interested in H. C. V.'s diagnosis of the cause and prescription for the cure of infidelity. The Bible is a symbolical history of the human race, foretold by its writers in word-pictures of individual acts that in themselves would have no meaning except for the lessons they contain. Esau swapped his birthright for a mess of pottage, and since we have had history the human race has been doing the same thing. The Tower of Babel has become literally true in the isms and schisms of today which have confounded our spiritual growth.

Since Roman politics crept into the teachings of Christ, under the reign of the first Constantine, A. D. 325, and built up kingdoms and empires on human error, the Bible story of Jacob and Esau has been literally fulfilled. And we have a state of social and political conditions that is no credit to the manhood responsible for them. The true definition of the words sheol, hades and hell, in their respective languages were to cover, to conceal. And among other things, were applied to the grave.

The cure for infidelity is in the study of nature, and looking into the history of the church, then compare the symbolic lessons in the Bible, with the signs of the times of today and past history.

The world is better today than it was yesterday. Earnest men and women both in and outside of the church, actuated by noble motives, are working for God and humanity through different channels of human agency. Whatever the destiny of mankind shall be, it is always progressive as long as we strive for higher planes, and sheol, hades and hell have no part in God's great plan for universal peace and brotherhood.—Pennemite Jake.

A GRAVE QUESTION

I see that fashion is the much-talked of topic and I for one am glad of it. I see that Raoul Coubert is against it; he is one man of many who are, or at least who will take a voice against it. But let me ask, What is a girl going to do for company or good times who does not dress in fashion or is not immoral? I am a girl, like many others, who long for good company. But I will not lower myself, in clothes, nor life to have a good time. I believe in dressing in fashion if it becomes me, but I would not don a slit skirt or a ridiculous tight skirt. Neither have I any respect for any one who will go "half naked," as some one expressed it. And they certainly expressed it right, for if I must say so of my own sex, some of the girls who I saw on the street of our capital city I was heartily ashamed for; first, because of their clothes (if you can give such a small piece of work that name), and second, because they had no shame themselves.

I am sure I am not alone in asking what I have, for there are some girls left yet who, like myself, are still human, who long for good times and good company, who are refused it because they will not be immoral in clothes or action.—A Questioner from Michigan.

LOVELY SARASOTA

I was very much interested in the letter written to the Merry-Go-Round of August 7 by Mary Dameron, of Amherst, Va., of her winter spent in the south, her description of St. Petersburg, Fla., and the delightful climate, but feel sure she would have been doubly paid, and more than delighted with the beautiful scenery below Fort Dade. It has been my pleasure to make the trip from St. Petersburg to Sarasota, Fla., a number of times by the steamer City of Sarasota or J. B. car, and it is one of the most delightful trips. I do feel your visit would be not complete without taking this trip down the bay to Sarasota, as the scenery is beautiful beyond description. The bay is separated from the Gulf of Mexico by a chain of keys or narrow islands, while the shore line is dotted with small towns, bungalows, cottages and even mansions, with a series of bluffs heightened by shell mounds built by the Indians. The palm, palmettoes, live and water oak, peach and pine, the white sand stretching along like a great snow bank makes a picture long to be remembered.

St. Petersburg is a beautiful little city, but it's only a question of a little time when Sarasota will far surpass her in beauty, as it overlooks the beautiful Sarasota bay, and is only 2 1-2 miles from the gulf, while St. Petersburg is 20 miles from the gulf. Sarasota, to my mind, is the Gem City of the west coast, and, while it is only in its infancy as yet, it will soon blossom as the rose, as it is so landlocked by those beautiful keys (or islands) that you feel so safe and secure in this beautiful retreat. Away from the snow, the rain and the sleet. —A Tourist.

GREETINGS FROM OLD FRIENDS

Greetings we send to the Readers of The Blade, and particularly to the friends at Lake Kerr, Fla., where we have spent two pleasant winters and feasted on the luscious fruits, spoken of in Wesley E. Floyd's letter of August 28.

September in Michigan brings to us melons, peaches, pears, plums and grapes, but scarcity of apples this year. Only few orchards are bearing the usual amount of fruit. Potatoes will, also, be a light crop. The month of May was very cool, which retarded the spring crops. We fear it will be a hard winter for God's poor people and pray He may temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

These cool days and nights make us think of sunny Florida and Providence permitting, we will fly with the birds, leaving our Michigan friends with regret to meet the dear friends in Florida-land.—The Kelloggs, Michigan.

BEST THINGS ARE OURS

One of the most admirable qualities in anyone is the disposition to take pleasure in simple things. People of wealth soon tire of the world and all the joys that riches can bestow, but simple pleasures hold their attraction in a greater or less degree over all.

In the country there is a pleasure in the opening of each spring, in the unfolding of the buds, in the trees, the flowers, the grass and in the breezes. In summer we delight in the growing crops, the mellow fruits and the green landscapes.

And brown old autumn has its joys. The lover of nature delights in the sight of the wood with its carpet of leaves painted in all colors. There is a rapture in the orchard scene with the apples shining from out their leafy bower. And all admire the beauty of winter apples piled beneath the trees ready for market.

Winter, bleak and bare as he is, has joys and scenes of content.

We love to gaze at the white sparkling landscape just after a newly fallen snow. At such times there is a sense of peace in the view of trees with their bare limbs outlined against the blue sky. Besides, we have the quiet fireside with its glowing depth of coals.

The simple pleasures of life are forever new to one who has learned to enjoy them.—C. A.

A Great Artist

Rosa Bonheur (Bun-er) was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1822. Her parents were very poor, and her father, an artist, trained her in his art. When Rosa was 11 years old her mother died, and, as she was one of four children, she had not only to support herself, but to work for them.

In order to study nature, Rosa Bonhuer has gone to any extreme of hard toil. She is the greatest animal painter in the world, and she has studied animal anatomy in the shambles, dressed in the convenient clothes of a man. She did not shrink from the most repugnant scenes of the slaughter house if she could gain knowledge thereby. It cost Rosa Bonheur something to attain such bravery. She was a shrinking child, 17, as artists are apt to be, and it used to hurt her when her rich companions at school appeared to notice her poverty. But she put false pride away, and by the bravery of her spirit developed the power that was hers. "The Horse Fair," one of her greatest pictures, was first exhibited in Paris in 1853. The picture is the largest canvas which any animal painter has produced. It met with instant success, and is now a valued possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city.

How Soon We Lose Them

Hold diligent converse with thy children, while they are still thine! Have them morning and evening around thee; love them, and win their love in these, rare, beautiful years; for only while the short-lived dream of childhood lasts, are they truly thine!—no longer! When youth comes, much passes through their thoughts—which is not thou, and much allures their hearts—which thou hast no part in! They gain a knowledge of an older, larger world, which fills their souls, and floats before them now, the future, and the present thus is lost. Then with his little hand bag full of indispensables, the boy goes forth Weeping, in heart, thou watchest till he disappears; and never after is he thine again! He comes back home, he loves, he wins a maid, he lives, they live, and others spring to life from him. And now thou hast in him a human man being—but no more a child!

The daughter, wedded, takes a frequent joy in bringing her children to thy house. Thou hast the mother—but the children, no more! Hold diligent converse with the children—while thou mayest. Have them morning and evening around thee; love them, and win them in the rare, beauteous years of childhood. Rejoice in the privilege; the time is so short.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

**All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.**

A Music Lover.

I live on a farm in dear old Pennsylvania, and like farm life very much. I lived in Buffalo till I was 8 years old and now am 13. We have two colts. Their names are Jap and Jeff. I go to school every day and take music lessons in the summer time.

Evelyn Wortmen, from last week's paper, wanted to hear from someone who takes music lessons, and if they ever got discouraged. I never get discouraged and like music. I practiced three hours a day all summer. When I go to school I practice one and two hours a day. I would like to hear from The Blade boys and girls—Bertha Lounsbury, Wellsboro, Pa. R. F. D. No. 2.

Chinquepins.

Wish all the children could be here and help me get chinquepins. They are like a chestnut. There are all kinds of snakes here, but no large animals. Papa has been a subscriber to The Blade a few weeks and I like the letters best, especially those from the west. Wish some of the cowboys would write to The Blade. Would like to have a letter or card from every Blade reader, and will answer all and tell you how many I received.—Mildred Foley, Flem, Va.

Towanda Shool Girl.

I am a girl who lives in a beautiful town, Towanda. It is situated on the Susquehanna river; on the east is an overhanging rock called "Table Rock." On the south is a small mountain called "South Mountain." At the very top of this mountain is a summer home, which is very beautiful. It is called "Tip Top," which is a very good name for it; on the other sides by adjoining hills. The population of this town is about 5,000.—Teresa Lusch, Huston St., Towanda, Pa.

A Western Euthusiast.

I am at present staying with my grandparents, who take The Toledo Blade, and enjoy reading it very much. But the first page I look at is the Peace Page. I am in high school and like my studies. I think reading must be my hobby, as I like it so much. But I like so many things I hardly know which of them is my hobby. But, above all things, I would like to be a cowgirl. All my air castles have their foundation on the plains of the golden west. And that is just the reason why I would especially like to hear from "Girl from the Golden West," "Babe of the Middle West" and "Burt Willits," the cowboy from Colorado. Would love to correspond with any of the Peace Page friends.—Gladys Ludwick, Mowrytown, O.

A Mountain Band.

I received my common school diploma when I was nearly 14 and will start to college this fall. My intentions are to be a teacher. My hobby is instrumental music. We boys and girls between the ages of 15 and 20 years organized a brass band early in May, and by practicing every Thursday evening are progressing nicely. May I ask a question, please? Is it wrong for one of the "band boys" to walk home with me from the meetings, and should I permit him to enter the house?—Sweet Sixteen, of West Virginia.

I see no harm in your accepting the escort of "band boy," nor inviting him into the house. If your parents permit you to be in the band, they doubtless have informed themselves as to the character of your associates.—M. H.

SHORT AND SWEET.

I'm 16 years of age; my hobbies are reading and music. Have been taking music this summer. I get awfully discouraged sometimes, but try to have hope. Would appreciate letters or cards on my birthday, Oct. 6.—Della Aikman, Clearland, Tenn.

Norbert Smith, East Concord, N. Y., sends an interesting post card of the Cattaraugus Viaduct. It is 180 feet high, 350 feet long. It is two and one-half miles from Springville. Cascade Park is this side of the bridge.

Tessie M. Hewitt, Walker, W. Va., writes to say that she is in much better health and can now sit up and help a little with housework. She loves the Peace Page letters and is glad to hear from all who will write to a "little shut-in friend."

Lura and Lloyd Asher, Wheatfield, Ind., twins, ten years old this month, would like cards from children their own age.

H. F. Jeleff, Warsaw, N. Y., wants to hear from some of the Blade boys and girls. He is twelve years old, has for pets a dove, three little pigs and 200 chickens.

Bertha Truevelt, Richlands, Va., asks a post card shower for her birthday, Nov. 10th. She will be 19.

Fordie E. Greer, Green, O., has no brothers or sisters, but he will be ten years old Dec. 6 and maybe some little brothers and sisters that age will send him a card.

Hubert Shed, Box 142, Ashtabula, Ohio, can see Lake Erie through a telescope from his house. He would like cards.

POEMS WANTED

Molly Pitcher.
The Polish Boy.
The Life Boat.
The Lightning Express.
The Wild White Rose.
The Aloe Plant.
The Black Sheep.
When the Snowbirds Cross the Valley.
The Silver Dagger.
Where the Sweet Magnolia Blooms.
Cowboy's Lament.
The Blue-eyed Boy.

OUR COOK BOOK

SWEET POTATO DISHES

By Mary Eleanor Kramer.

Browned Sweet Potatoes—Boil large sweet potatoes of uniform size; when done, peel, cut in two lengthwise, put into a pan with a little bacon fat or butter, sprinkle lightly with sugar, and brown in the oven. These are particularly nice with roast fowl.

Candied Sweet Potatoes—Parboil the potatoes until they begin to soften, then dip in cold water and rub off the skins. Slice in inch pieces and arrange in a buttered baking dish in layers, each layer sprinkled with brown sugar and dotted with bits of butter. When the dish is filled, pour over all one-half cup of boiling water and bake in a hot oven for half an hour.

Sweet Potato Puff—Into a saucepan put two teacups of finely mashed sweet potatoes, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cupful of sweet milk and a level teaspoonful of salt, stir well and place over the fire. Continue stirring until the mixture is thoroughly heated, then remove from the fire and add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Beat the mixture until light, then heap into a conical loaf upon a buttered baking dish, brush with melted butter and brown in a hot oven.

Sweet Potato Pudding—To every half pint of boiled, mashed and sifted sweet potato add one egg thoroughly beaten, one and three-quarters cupfuls of sweet milk; sweeten to taste and flavor with grated nutmeg; set the baking dish in a pan of cold water in a modern oven, and when the pudding is firm in the middle it is ready to serve with a lemon or orange sauce.

Sweet Potato Pie—Boil sweet potatoes in the skins; peel and slice them. Line a pie-tin with rich pastry; fill with the sliced potatoes, seasoning with butter, cinnamon and sugar, about three tablespoonfuls of sugar to each pie. Pour over all about one-half cup of hot water, cover with upper crust and bake for from 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

POETS' CORNER

KENTUCKY BELLE

By Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay;
We lived in the loghouse yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Roschen there was a baby and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin to tell.
Came from the Blue Gress country, my father gave her to me
When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on, row after row;
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of Tennessee.

O for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of hill;
Clouds that hang on the summit—a wind that is never still;
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn lands out to the river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine and I looked out, all forlorn,
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad;
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say:
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find;
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone;
Near, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up the baby, and ran to the pasture bar;
"Kentuck!" I called, "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the loghouse, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, galloping over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men!

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm!
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came, they passed, with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
To ford the upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes, like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place;
I gave him a cup and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes, and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun;
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought of the mother waiting down in the south.

O pluck he was to the backbone; and clear grit through and through.
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;
The boy was dying, sir, dying; as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the south,
Water came to his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth;
"Do you know the Blue Grass country?" he wistfully began to say,
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the loghouse and worked and brought him to;
I fed him and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O what will Morgan say!"
But I heard the sound of tramping, but kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode and black they looked galloping rapidly
They had followed hard on Morgan's track, they had followed day and night,
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all the summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river valleys and cornland farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride, but they were taken at last,
They had almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still;
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to the gully and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle lass—
But I knew that she would be happy, back in the old Blue Grass;
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentucky, pretty Kentucky, I gave to the wornout lad.

I guided him to the southward, as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell;
And down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle.

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high,
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of gray was hanging on the wall
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir, and the two were safe, back in the old Blue Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she thriving, and fat, and hearty and well;
He cared for her and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur;
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

WHAT MOTHER GIVES

M. J. T., N. Y.

They always wonder what mother gives,
But I tell you the list is long—
Comfort and cheer, and grace and love,
And sacrifice and song.

They often question what mother gives,
And I answer that she gives all—
Her life and her hope and her trust and dream,
Her heart and soul to call!

The gifts underlying the gifts so rare,
The gifts so precious and fine—
The gift of her days, her grace and love,
And the gift of her patience divine!

GOD'S WORLD

By Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Oh, World, I cannot held thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart;—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

OPEN THE DOOR

British Weekly.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for everyone.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

THREE LITTLE TEXTS

Exchange.

I am very young and little,
I am only two times two,
And I can not learn long chapters
As the older children do.

But I knew three little verses
That mamma has taught to me;
And I say them in the morning
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou, God, seest me."
Isn't that a pretty text?
And, "Suffer little children
To come unto me," is next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only, "God is love."
How kind He is in sending me
Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapter I can't learn,
So I think he sent these three
Short, easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

MRS. MANGES ESCAPES OPERATION

How She Was Saved From Surgeon's Knife by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mogadore, Ohio.—"The first two years I was married I suffered so much from female troubles and bearing down pains that I could not stand on my feet long enough to do my work. The doctor said I would have to undergo an operation, but my husband wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound first. I took three bottles and it made me well and strong and I avoided a dreadful operation. I now have two fine healthy children, and I cannot say too much about what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. LEE MANGES, R. F. D. 10, Mogadore, Ohio.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Bibical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

LABOR DAY

I would like to know something of the origin of Labor Day.—B. E. S., Boyd, Ore.

Labor Day in the United States is a legal holiday in all the states except Nevada, North Dakota and Wyoming. In Louisiana it is observed only in the parish of New Orleans. The celebration of this day was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor, who in 1882 held a parade in New York, and again in 1884, when resolutions were passed to hold all parades on the first Monday in September. Workingmen of all organizations then began agitation to have made the day a legal holiday, and in 1887 the first to that effect was passed in Colorado. In Europe the celebration of the first of May as Labor Day was begun in 1890 with a demonstration in favor of the eight hour day; it was at that time and a few years later much feared and violently opposed by the various governments, and there were many clashes between the police and the workingmen. It is now usually celebrated without trouble. In the United States May Day is celebrated by the Socialist-Labor party, but there is no attempt to cease work on that day.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE

Kindly tell something of the Baptist Young People's Union of America.—C. W. J., Nebo, N. C.

The Baptist Young People's Union of America is an association representing many young people's societies connected with the Baptist churches in the United States and Canada, organized June, 1891, in Chicago, which place has since been its headquarters. Upon the formation of the union, as the withdrawal of the Baptist societies was feared by the Christian Endeavor, a plan of federation was adopted for the establishment of young people's societies over which no constitution should be required. Conventions are held yearly.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK

Please give a description of the Strasburg clock.—H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.

This clock was constructed about the latter part of the 16th century. Early in the 19th century it became evident that reconstruction was necessary, and this was intrusted to Charles Schwilgue, who entered on his task in 1838 and completed it in 1848.

On the floor level of the clock is a celestial globe indicating sidereal time, and the rising, setting and passage over the meridian of Strasburg of all stars visible with the naked eye. Behind this is a calendar showing months, days of the month, dominical letters and all feast days. Above the calendar is a gallery with allegorical figures representing the days of the week (Sunday, Appolo, drawn in a chariot by horses; Monday, Diana drawn by a stag; Tuesday, Mars; Wednesday, Mercury; Thursday, Jupiter; Friday, Venus; Saturday, Saturn), which pass in order from left to right. Above this is a dial for showing ordinary time, a planetarium, and a globe, showing phases of the moon. Next come movable figures representing the four ages of man, which strike the second stroke of each quarter on a bell. A genius seated beside the ordinary dial strikes the first note of each quarter with a sceptre; the genius on the opposite side turns an hour-glass at each hour. Death strikes the hour with a bone. Above a procession of the twelve Apostles passes at noon before Christ, bowing at his feet while he makes the sign of the cross. During the procession a cock perched on the top of the left-hand turret flaps its wings, ruffles its neck, and crows three times.

THE MISSISSIPPI

I would like to have a description of the Mississippi river printed in the Question Bureau.—W. W. C., Blainsville, W. Va.

The Mississippi is the main stem of the greatest drainage system of North America, and one of the greatest in the world, having on area of 1,257,000 square miles. The Mississippi extends nearly the entire length of the United States, from within 100 miles of Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, in a water course of about 2,500 miles, and forms the boundary, total or partial, of ten states—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, on the west, and Wisconsin, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi on the east. It has about 100,000 tributaries, 240 large enough to figure on small sized statistical charts. The greatest of its tributaries are the Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, Red, White, Yazoo and St. Francis.

The source of the river could not be on a lower level than its mouth, for then it would be impossible for it to flow the way it does. At its extreme source the surface of the water at its mean elevation is 1,535 feet above sea level. At St. Paul it is 680.5 feet above the level of the sea. On the other hand at New Orleans the mean water elevation is 8 feet above sea level, and at its mouth is 1.8 feet.

FREE TO
ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 761 H, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:
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WEIGHT OF COMMODITIES

Will you please give the number of pounds in a bushel of the different commodities?—N. W. C., Albany, O.

The following table will answer the above question fully:

Wheat	60	pounds.
Indian Corn, ear	68	"
Indian Corn, shelled	56	"
Corn Meal	48	"
Popcorn, ear	42	"
Sweet Corn, shelled	45	"
Kaffir Corn	56	"
Broom Corn	45	"
Oats	32	"
Rye	56	"
Barley	48	"
Buckwheat	50	"
Irish Potatoes	60	"
Sweet Potatoes	50	"
Beans	60	"
Peas	60	"
Onions	56	"
Tomatoes	56	"
Turnips	60	"
Parsnips	50	"
Beets	56	"
Carrots	50	"
Malt	34	"
Apples	48	"
Dried Apples	24	"
Peaches	48	"
Dried Peaches	33	"
Grapes	48	"
Plums	50	"
Clover Seed	60	"
Timothy Seed	45	"
Millet Seed	50	"
Domestic Walnuts	50	"
Hickory Nuts	50	"

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

Please tell me in The Blade how many churches each religious denomination in the United States has and the number of each.—C. G. M., Shepherd, Mich.

	Churches.	Members.
Adventist	2,488	95,646
Baptist	56,810	5,774,066
Dunkard Brethren	1,188	122,847
Plymouth Brethren	403	10,566
Ricer Brethren	102	4,847
Buddhist	74	3,165
Catholic Apostolic	24	4,927
Catholic Eastern	240	385,000
Catholic Western	13,715	12,321,746
Christiandelphian	70	1,412
Christian	1,329	87,478
Christian Catholic—Dowie	70	5,865
Christian Scientist	1,104	85,096
Christian Union	237	13,905
Church of God—Winebrennarian	595	41,475
Living God	68	4,286
New Jerusalem	152	9,314
Communistic Societies	2,272	6,050
Disciples of Christ	13,929	1,519,774
Evangelical	2,654	182,065
Faith Association	146	9,572
Free Christian Zion	15	1,835
Friends	1,097	123,718
Latter Day Saints	1,350	400,650
Lutheran	13,802	2,243,486
Swedish Evangelical	423	58,000
Mennonite	606	55,007
Methodist	61,191	6,596,168
Moravian	136	18,711
Nonsect'r'n Bible Faith	204	6,396
Pentecostal	458	21,420
Presbyterian	16,456	1,920,765
Protestant Episcopal	7,652	938,390
Reformed	2,619	448,190
Salvationist	916	26,275
Schwenfeldian	8	850
Social Brethren	17	1,262
So. for Ethical Culture	6	2,450
Spiritualist	1,000	150,000
Theosophical Society	114	3,100
United Brethren	4,266	303,319
Unitarian	482	70,542
Universalist	881	52,150
Independent Cong	879	48,673

THE SULTANA DISASTER

Kindly give the particulars of the sinking of the Sultana at the close of the civil war.—D. H. M., Illinois.

The steamer Sultana sank in the Mississippi River April 27, 1865. It was loaded with Union soldiers, who had been confined as prisoners at Andersonville and Libbey prisons. They were on their way home at the close of the war. The vessel had reached a point eight miles above Memphis in the middle of the channel, when the boilers blew up, setting fire to the boats, which soon sank. The men attempted to swim ashore, but, as they were exhausted from their confinement and lack of food, they found it a very difficult task. They fought for the boats, causing them to be swamped. In the dark those who were able to swim could not see the shore, and all but 550 of the 2,300 on board were drowned. There has been discussion for years as to what caused the explosion. It is claimed by some that the boilers were blown up by dynamite or giant powder of some kind, that had been mixed with coal when it was taken on at Cairo, Miss.

INVISIBLE INKS.

Will you please tell of what ingredients invisible inks are composed?—N. M. L., Pennsylvania.

Invisible or sympathetic inks leave no visible, or at least only colorless marks on the paper. By exposing the paper to heat or moisture the marks are brought out. The materials of the common ferrogallic inks may be used separately for a sympathetic ink, the writing being done with the sulphate of iron solution and washed over with that of the galls, as the writing of some old manuscripts is now occasionally restored. A dilute solution of chloride of copper used for writing is invisible until the paper is heated. Then the letters are seen of a beautiful yellow, disappearing with the heat that developed them. The salts of cobalt, as the acetate, sulphate, nitrate and chloride, possess a similar property, the letters appearing blue. The addition of a salt of nickel renders them green.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. W. R., Indiana, Pa.—A girl of 16 may marry without her parents' consent in Arizona, District of Columbia, Idaho, Maryland and Tennessee.

R. S. B., Biltmore, N. C.—The printing press was invented by Johannes Gutenberg, a German, in the early part of the 15th century.

W. H., Erie, Ill.—The book about Andersonville Prison is out of print. Do not know where you could obtain a copy of it.

"JESSIE WILSON" FLOWER NOW

New Chrysanthemum Named for President's Daughter.

Washington, Oct. 17—From thousands of chrysanthemums being grown in the White House conservatories and in the greenhouses of the department of agriculture for the approaching White House wedding one aristocrat of that plant family—an entirely new creation now being developed—is to be named after the bride, the "Miss Jessie Wilson."

All the government's crack horticulturists are silent as to the new bloom's color, size or variety, but they promise it will take first place among the thousands of its kind which will decorate the White House rooms on November 25.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy

Trial Package Mailed Free to Any Sufferer.

If you have catarrh of the head, nose, throat; if catarrh has affected your hearing; if you sneeze, hawk or spit; if you take one cold after another; if your head feels stopped-up; you should try this Remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, who has made a specialty of treating catarrh for over thirty-nine years.

This Remedy is composed of herbs, flowers and seeds possessing healing medicinal properties; contains no tobacco, is not injurious or habit-forming; is pleasant to use and perfectly harmless to man, woman or child.

Catarrhal germs are carried into the head, nose and throat with the air you breathe—just so the warm medicated smoke-vapor is carried with the breath, applying the medicine directly to the diseased parts. If you have tried the usual methods, such as sprays, douches, salves, inhalers and the stomach-ruining "constitutional" medicines, you will readily see the superiority of this Smoking Remedy.

Simply send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton st., Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you a free package containing samples of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe and made into cigarettes, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the subject of catarrh. He will send by mail, for one dollar, enough of the medicine to last about one month.

MARCONI TO BE KING'S GUEST

Inventor in Italy in Connection With New Wireless Enterprises.

Rome, Oct. 15.—William Marconi, who is now here in connection with the establishment of the wireless station at Coltano, near Pisa, which will soon be able to communicate with England, Canada and the United States, has received a warm welcome. It is his first visit to Italy since his automobile accident last year. The king, who is a great admirer of the inventor, asked him to be his guest at his hunting lodge at San Rossore, near Coltano, and also not far from Spegia, where Marconi was for several weeks confined in a hospital after his accident.

Marconi is negotiating with the Italian government with a view to erecting new wireless stations between Italy and Lybia and starting new wireless communication between Italy and Albania.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

$10,000 IN PEARLS IN CORSET

Customs Officials Discover Gems on Mrs. May Van Alen Thompson.

Boston, Oct. 20.—That Mrs. May Van Alen Thompson, niece of the late Col. John Jacob Astor and bride of Griswold A. Thompson, had pearls to the value of at least $10,000 sewed to the inside of her corset when she arrived at this port on the White Star Liner Arabic on Thursday was disclosed yesterday at the office of the United States customs.

The information came to light when the expert appraisal of the contents of Mrs. Thompson's 25 trunks, seized on suspicion by the customs inspectors, began at the appraisers' storehouse.

The discovery of the pearls was made by Mrs. Wilkins, the customs inspectress, who after Saturday's discovery of the belt of jewels on the person of Miss Connor, Mrs. Thompson's maid, was ordered to search the mistress also.

STOPPED HIS DRINKING

This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago

SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW FREE

Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell

For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.

Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks

Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.

It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 66 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.

NOTE—This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

U. S. IN BEEF IMPORT CLASS

Used to Export Solely, but Now Receives From Over Seas.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—The recent transfer of the United States from the small list of beef exporting countries to the large list of beef importing countries is sharply illustrated by the August figures of imports and exports of beef and beef cattle and a comparison thereof with the August figures of earlier years just made by the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the department of commerce. This shows that the exports of beef cattle have fallen from $44,000,000 value in the eight months ended with August, 1904, to practically $1,000,000 in the corresponding months of 1913, and that the imports of cattle meantime increased from 9,357 in the eight months of 1904 to 340,105 in the same period of 1913, and their value from $181,145 in 1904 to $5,031,842 in 1913. As to beef, the importations in 1904 were insufficient to justify their statement month by month, and the total value of beef imported for consumption in the full fiscal year of 1904 was but $14,922, while the single month of July, 1913, showed a total importation of 642,394 pounds, valued at $56,993; August, a total of 1,151,626 pounds, valued at $89,204; and September about an equal amount.

Value Is Less Now.

Even the value of the comparatively small number of cattle exported is new less per head than in earlier years, despite the general advance in prices meantime. The average export price of the 18,069 head of cattle in the eight months ended with August, 1913, was $34, against an average of $68 for the 418,865 head of cattle exported in the corresponding months of 1904. On the import side there is a decrease of about 20 per cent in the valuation per head, the 340,105 cattle imported in the eight months ended with August, 1913, being valued at $15 per head, compared with $19 per head for the 9,357 cattle imported in the corresponding months of 1904. The character of the cattle imported differs, of course, radically from that of those exported, being mostly, on the export side, grain fed animals ready for slaughtering, and on the import side, grass fed cattle in many cases but one or two years of age. Practically all of the cattle imported, other than those for breeding purposes, are brought from Mexico, that country having supplied, in the fiscal year 1912, 391,477 of the 420,261 head imported for other than breeding purposes. Of the 1,338 imported for breeding purposes, free of duty, 945 were from England.

Remarkable Gains.

Imports of beef show remarkable gains within the very recent period. In the fiscal year 1904 the quantity of beef imported for consumption was 164,509 pounds, valued at $14,922, against 923,378 pounds, valued at $61,110 in the fiscal year 1910, and 3,957,700 pounds, valued at $303,934 in 1913; while in the single months of July and August the imports aggregated 642,394 pounds and 1,151,626 pounds, respectively, and partial returns indicate that the September figures will also approximate 1,000,000 pounds.

WOULD PREVENT A MEAT FAMINE

Experts Say Real Shortage Exists—Land Reclamation as Remedy.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The initial step in a government plan to prevent a meat famine has been taken as was shown when the agricultural department made public a series of discussions of the subject by B. H. Rawl and James M. Pickens, of the department's bureau of animal industry, and other department division chiefs.

The suggestion emphasized in these discussions is that unused swamp and overflow lands in the more densely populated portions of the country should be turned into cattle ranges.

According to the department's experts, there is real danger of a meat famine. In the view of Mr. Pickens, the high cost of meat is a serious reality.

"It is now obvious," he said, "that the rise in prices in recent years is the result of a natural shortage in production. It is evident that the country is facing an era of short production of meat, and that some constructive means be adopted if the American appetite for this class of food is to be supplied."

The matter of obtaining new cattle ranges has been investigated by Doctor Rawl, who is chief of the dairy division of the bureau of animal industry. In addition to the overflow lands, rough hill land not suitable for agriculture can be used for new pasturage, in his opinion.

Many millions of acres of such lands are now lying idle, he says, or are being cultivated at a loss, and they could be turned into excellent pastures. Little is known, says Doctor Rawl, of the best methods of improving such lands. He admits that many difficult problems are involved, but insists that there is little doubt as to the possibility of converting a very large percentage of these waste lands into permanent pastures.

"The establishment of these pastures," he declared, "seems to be a necessity in order to put the live stock industry of the country on a sound basis."

Doctor Rawl says that an obstacle is presented in the fact that the American beef industry has built up market centers for large shipments only, and those must be overcome, so as to afford the small producer places in which to sell his cattle before the country can look to farmers for aid in solving the beef problem.

LEAVES ESTATE TO FAMILY

Springfield, Oct. 20.—If Ross Mitchell left anything for charity out of his estate, valued at $6,000,000, no mention is made about it in a statement issued by the family covering the application for probating of the will.

Mrs. C. P. Raup and Mrs. S. E. Greenawalt of this city and Mrs. E. L. Shuey of Dayton, daughters, receive the bulk of the estate, it is announced. Each of the grandchildren is to receive $50,000. Rev. G. P. Raup is named as executor and his bond is fixed at $800,000.

BREAKING UP A GREAT RANCH

A cowboy said to his mate riding alongside:

"What do you reckon Mr. Post bought all this here land for?"

"Well, I'll tell y'u, Jake, y'u know I heard it confidential, he's goin' to plant it all out to Grape-Nuts."

This cowboy chatter happened years ago just after C. W. Post, the man who makes health foods and Postum at Battle Creek, Mich., bought up several adjoining tracts of land in Garza and Lynn Counties, Texas.

The whole Post ranch is now about 220,000 acres. Until lately it has been used for grazing cattle. A short time ago the County seat of Garza county was located in one of his sections, and he proceeded to build a town, for the people.

It is named Post City and can be found on the map of the St. Fe Ry. about 250 miles nearly due west of Ft. Worth, Texas.

It is a beautiful and clean little city, with many miles of shade trees, splendid water works, schools and churches, A modern Sanitarium and various industries, including what is said to be the highest type of Cotton Mills in the world.

This development made a demand for farms, so a part of the grazing land was laid out into about fifty farms with neat, well built homes, out buildings, orchards, wells, etc., etc.

These have been conducted under Mr. Post's managers until a practical method of successful farming could be decided upon.

It proved that wheat, oats, and Indian corn could be raised, but not successfully, year by year, for, while in some years the rains would come at seasonable times, other years they would not, and the average was not enough to make these crops dependable for a living. Therefore the crops now raised are those adapted to the country. Kaffir corn and milo maize, (splendid grains for cattle and hogs,) peanuts and cotton, and Egyptian wheat.

A carload of Mr. Post's hogs took the first prize at the National Fat Stock show at Ft. Worth one year and the second prize another year. These hogs were fed on Kaffir, Maize and peanuts and won over the competing hogs fed on Indian corn.

The most of this large body of land lies so level and smooth that a plow could be run for miles without lifting it; the soil is a dark reddish loam and very rich and fertile.

It has been decided to open this tract to settlement at from $15.00 to $30.00 per acre, payable $2.00 an acre down and $1.75 per acre per year thereafter until paid for. The interest four per cent. Improvements extra except the fence around each farm which is supplied free by Mr. Post.

It is natural to suppose that when this tract is settled the land will advance in value as it has in other parts of America where many families have become rich by the increase in the value of land.

There are a few men in Garza Co. who have farmed for ten to twelve years and their experience is worth attention. Included in the number is the present County Judge Boren.

In handling 160 acres a farmer is recommended to put in thirty to forty acres of cotton which yields around a half bale to the acre, but in cases goes over a bale, and under poor cultivation drops below a half. It brings varying prices. At this present time, Oct. 4th, 1913, it sells at thirteen cents per lb. at Post City, which is $65.00 per bale of 500 lbs. In addition the seed from a bale generally sells at about $10.00. Therefore, if one-fourth of a bale was raised per acre the crop on 40 acres would bring $750.00. If one-half a bale $1500.00 and at this rate one can figure the larger yields himself.

About 50 acres should be put into Kaffir corn which yields anywhere from 25 to 80 or 90 bu, to the acre, (over 100 bu. per acre have been raised). It is usually headed and either threshed or fed in the head. It sells at 50 to 75 cents a bu. and the stalks, which are sweet, somewhat resembling sugar cane, and yielding about 15 tons to the acre, are put into silos for winter feeding. Nearly always there is a heavy second growth after the crop of Kaffir is cut and this second growth makes tender ensilage, or cattle can be turned in on it growing.

This kind of farmer should keep 40 or 50 cows, some hogs and a few mares, for horse or mule colts.

At present pasture can be rented at 12 to 20 cents per acre per year. After the Kaffir is cut, rye should be disked in and usually furnishes a fine feed through the winter.

They figure from 80 to 90 per cent of a calf crop which should bring say 40 or more calves from 50 cows.

Calves at this time are worth $22.50 to $25.00; 40 would bring $900 to $1000.

The right kind of men can borrow money on cattle they want to breed or fatten. If a farmer has more ensilage than he can use he should arrange with some large cow-man to take some steers to feed on shares. The farmer should put out 5 or 10 acres of peanuts, a profitable article to sell or feed hogs.

Splendid pure water lies almost all over the place at from 60 to 100 ft. and a windmill will store enough to irrigate a garden and orchard at times when water is needed between rains. This last year on a tract of about an acre and a half garden truck was sold for from $150.00 to $200.00 a month forfor several successive months.

The soil is very rich and when properly worked and with water sufficient yields most remarkable quantities of all kinds of vegetables, melons, etc. The rainfall averages about 21 to 22 inches which, if it comes in seasonable showers, insures a heavy crop, but some years it falls so irregularly as to cut the crop down. That is true of many sections of America however. Still in this part we always see the crops grow enough to supply quantities of ensilage and therefore the farmer with silos and cattle, hogs and mares can secure a living if he is thrifty.

Cotton is one of the hardiest dry weather plants and in fact all these articles are—Kaffir corn, Milo Maize, Egyptian Wheat, and Peanuts.

The apples, peaches, plums, grapes and melons thrive; wild plums and grapes show this section is a fruit country.

Fruits have a marked and especially fine flavor, and thus far seem free from insect pests, and cotton is free from boll wevil. Spraying of trees is unnecessary and hence unknown.

It will be observed that the selection of crops and the methods of mixed farming and stock raising comes from experience with the country and its conditions and is recommended so that a thrifty man can not only make a living but make a profit year by year, and also a round profit in rise of the land.

This country is most healthy—without malaria. It is about 3,000 ft. elevation and mild the year around with only occasional cold days in the winter.

A man can plow almost every day the year through.

There are days in the mid summer when it is hot, but the breeze is almost never failing and the nights cool, while the dry air quickly evaporates the perspiration and produces a cool skin even when the thermometer is high.

This country pays a thrifty worker but we don't hold out much encouragement to the lazy kind, although there are lazy men in the district who make a living, but it is easy to understand that only successful, thrifty men can build up a community and that Mr. Post needs such men to settle on his lands and thus increase the size of Post City, and the surrounding land, consequently his instructions are to tell every prospective settler all of the facts that years of experience have shown about the country and its undesirable features as well as its practical and splendid possibilities. It is important that the newcomer avoid costly experiments in raising wheat, corn and oats. Mr. Post has already paid for these experiments and demonstrated that sticking to the things the climate and altitude are fitted to, means success—Cotton, Kaffir corn, Milo Maize, Egyptian wheat, Peanuts, Apples, Peaches, Plums, Grapes, (no pears) Melons, Potatoes, garden stuff in great quantities when irrigated, or when the rains come just right. Cattle, Hogs, Horses, Mules, Chickens and Turkeys. Turkeys thrive in a remarkable way, and the young don't die in anything like the proportion they do in a damp climate.

All these things can be raised on this low-priced land in a splendid and unusually healthful climate and the man with a little money and a good record can get a start, for the payments on the land are small, and for the right kind of man Mr. Post will build silos on extended payments and either sell cattle on part time or loan money on them or arrange for loans at bank.

It is easy to understand that the prosperity of the country and city in which he is so heavily interested depends on the prosperity of the settlers, he therefore proposes to make terms so easy and the conditions so well understood that thrifty men can succeed and become well to do.

Farms will be sold only to men who can show a good standing among the people where they come from.

The A. T. and St. Fe. Ry. sells round trip land seeker's tickets at very low rates at various towns along the line from Chicago to Post City. Address C. W. Post Land Dept., Post City, Texas, or come and see the land and crops without waiting for correspondence. You will find things as described and a splendid opportunity for worthy men and their families.

TO ASK MILLIONS FOR IRRIGATION

Lane Wants $100,000,000 Bond Issue for Western Land Improvement.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 17.—Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane will recommend a bond issue of $100,000,000 for the purpose of making available in the west large tracts of land to be irrigated. In some instances part of the proceeds of the bonds will be spent to drain land.

Secretary Lane returned recently from a two months' inspection trip in the west. He said it would require $35,000,000 to complete present irrigation projects and that this $35,000,000 was in sight, $20,000,000 of which is provided for by a bond issue, $10,000,000 which will be secured from the sale of lands, and $5,000,000 will be paid in rentals by homesteaders.

The secretary said he had not drawn up his plans for the issuance of the bonds, but would do so in time to be presented to the session of congress which convenes in December next.

Payment Time Longer.

"The farmers on our irrigation projects must have a longer time in which to pay for their water rights," Mr. Lane said. "They must have more education in the use of water so there will be less waste, and methods must be devised by which either through the banks or by a system of rural credits money can be raised for the introduction of cattle upon the farms.

"As it is now the farmers are producing raw products which yield but little, whereas, they should be producing a more finished product. Instead of selling alfalfa at $5 or $6 a ton they should be turning it into meat which would be more than double the value of the alfalfa. Great interest is being taken throughout the west by the farming sections in the development of co-operative agencies by which the farmer can sell directly to the consumer.

"There is an abundance of rich land in the west which may be irrigated, and we could properly expend in the next few years this $100,000,000 in the developing of small irrigated farms. The people are land hungry. Less than 2 per cent of our public land on irrigation projects is unoccupied.

Conferences to Aid.

"There is no denying the fact that the people in the west feel that we in Washington have not a clear enough perception of their condition and needs. I expect to meet this need not only by keeping in touch with the people of the west by conferences called here, but by spending several months out of each year in that section of our country."

That steps are being taken by the farmers in the far west to utilize the Panama canal Secretary Lane says is indicated by the fact that farmers on the Yakima project in Washington have made contracts to deliver in London next year thousands of barrels of apples, to go by way of the canal.

MEXICAN DEPUTIES RELEASED

Men Arrested by Order of Huerta Brought to Court.

Mexico City, Oct. 18.—Seventy-four of the 110 members of the Mexican chamber of deputies, arrested by order of Provisional President Huerta on October 10, were today formally arraigned before the second judge of the federal district, who has had charge of the investigation into the cases. The period in which, according to the law charges had to be filed against the deputies or their liberty given to them, expired today.

The charges entered against the deputies today were all for political offenses designated by the law as rebellion, sedition and "insults" to important public functionaries.

Ten of the deputies, against whom there was said to be insufficient evidence, were released. The others had been preivously set at liberty.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, October 13.

SENATE—President Wilson nominated an attorney for Hawaii, and several postmasters. Senator Hoke Smith objected to any legislative agreements that might delay consideration of the currency bill when it is reported to the senate. A long debate on the consideration of currency by the cimmittee was precipitated, in which members of the committee defended their action in proceeding with care in dealing with the subject. Country bankers testified before the currency committee. The senate refused to give consent to a date for consideration of the woman suffrage constitutional amendment. The Clapp bill, to prevent the mobilization of campaign funds from one state into another was discussed, but not acted upon. Nominations were considered in executive session. Adjournment was taken until Thursday.

HOUSE — Representative Hobson charged that Representative Underwood, rival candidate against him in Alabama for the senate, hd obtained support in his cndidacy for the presidential nomination at Baltimore last year under "false pretenses." Mr. Underwood replied, branding the charge as untrue. Republican Leader Mann announced that he will make daily demands for a roll call, to ascertain the presence or absence of a quorum. Representative Kahn introduced a bill to restore to firemen and policemen in the district the privilege of riding free on street cars.

Tuesday, October 14.

SENATE—Not in session. Banking and currency committee continued hearings on the administration currency measure.

HOUSE—The fight for a quorum was resumed with Republican Leader Mann forcing a roll call. Only 159 members responded to the call and at 12:38 the house adjourned until noon today. The sergeant-at-arms was directed to notify all absentees to return. If this notification does not prove efficacious an order will be made for the arrest of absentees. The leaders were pessimistic over the prospects of obtaining a quorum for several days. Representative J. W. Ragsdale, of South Carolina, suggested that all absentees be fined, but the house did not take it seriously. Representative Thomas U. Sisson, of Mississippi, declared he would vote for a resolution for adjournment when the deficiency bill was signed. A few Democrats, it was learned, would support such a movement, but the leaders were confident they could hold rebellious members in check. The leaders have been given to understand by President Wilson that he is opposed to any recess or adjournment proposal.

Wednesday, October 15.

SENATE—Not in session. Banking committee continued hearings on the currency bill. Foreign relations committee briefly discussed the Mexican situotion.

HOUSE—Republican Leader Mann again blocked a request by Democratic Leader Underwood for an agreement to adjourn three days at a time until December 1.

Thursday, October 16.

SENATE—Senator Martinee urged repeal of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Banking committee continued hearings. Nominations of native Philippine commissioners and others received.

HOUSE—After another unsuccessful effort to get a quorum, adjourned to noon Friday.

Friday, October 17.

SENATE—Not in session. Meets Saturday. Banking committee heard Professor Jenks.

HOUSE—Met at noon and resumed fight for a quorum. Adjourned until noon Monday.

Saturday, October 18.

SENATE—Debate on the seaman's bill postponed to next week. Passed resolution for joint congressional commission to attend the dedication of restored Congress Hall in Philadelphia.

HOUSE—Not in session; meets Monday.

FRIEDMANN TO RETURN TO U. S.

Anxious to See Patients He Treated Here.

Berlin, Oct. 20.—Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann, with Prof. Carl Ludwig Schleich, a physician of high standing, is quietly practicing with his turtle serum for tuberculosis in his little clinic here.

Dr. Friedmann told the correspondent of The Blade today that he will return to the United States and take Dr. Schleich with him in the near future. He says he is anxious to see his American patients, the reports from whom have been very pleasing.

Dr. Friedmann says that 4,000 patients in Germany and abroad have been treated with his vaccine and the results have been such that he is convinced that the world will in time recognize the value of his discovery.

$1.00 Package Free

Quickly restores gray or faded hair to natural color, remove dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. Grows new hair and makes the hair of man, woman or child heavy and beautifully glossy.

Before After

Send your name and addr with this advertisement to the Foso Company, 4889 Foso Bldg Cincinnati, Ohio. Enclose cents in stamps or silver, as evidence of good faith and help cover packing, postage, etc., and a full $1.00 packa will be sent you at once by ma prepaid, free of charge.

PAINLESS HOME DENTISTRY

Makes Loose Teeth Firm

Stops Bleeding, Sore, Ragged, Receding Ugly Gums, Bad Breath and all other Symptoms of Pyorrhea or Riggs Disease

Home Treatment Book FREE

Everyone dreads the dentist's chair. It is human to shun pain, expense, worry and loss of time.

Thousands of good teeth—sound teeth—valuable teeth—are sacrificed every day, just because they become loose—because the gums swell, bleed, recede and emit ill-smelling pus — through ignorance—through neglect, fear and carelessness. Thousands have Pyorrhea or Riggs' Disease without knowing it. Hundreds of dentists see Pyorrhea without recognizing it. Others believe Pyorrhea is incurable. I know it can be cured — have proven it.

After 22 years' study and practice of Medicine and Dentistry, I have made my Home Treatment so simple and perfect that I can tell you in a few words just what to do, and you can do it at home.

I will give this information Free to anyone who has symptoms of Pyorrhea, with my book of instructions, diagrams and descriptive illustrations, so you will know just what to do At Home without the expense or risk of a visit to the dentist. I will send this free, and postpaid, if you ask for it on a postal or in a letter.

You better invest one cent in a postal card now, to save your teeth, your health and your money later on. Just write me like this "DR. F. W. WILLARD, H429 Temple Court Bldg., Chicago:—Send me free your book and full information about your Home Dental Treatment."

Ruptured People—Get This on 60 Days Trial

You know you can't possibly tell anything about a truss or anything else for rupture merely by trying it on, for a truss or so-called "appliance" may seem all right at first and afterward prove utterly worthless.

But here is something you can try sixty days—just a test—without having to risk a single cent.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write today—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

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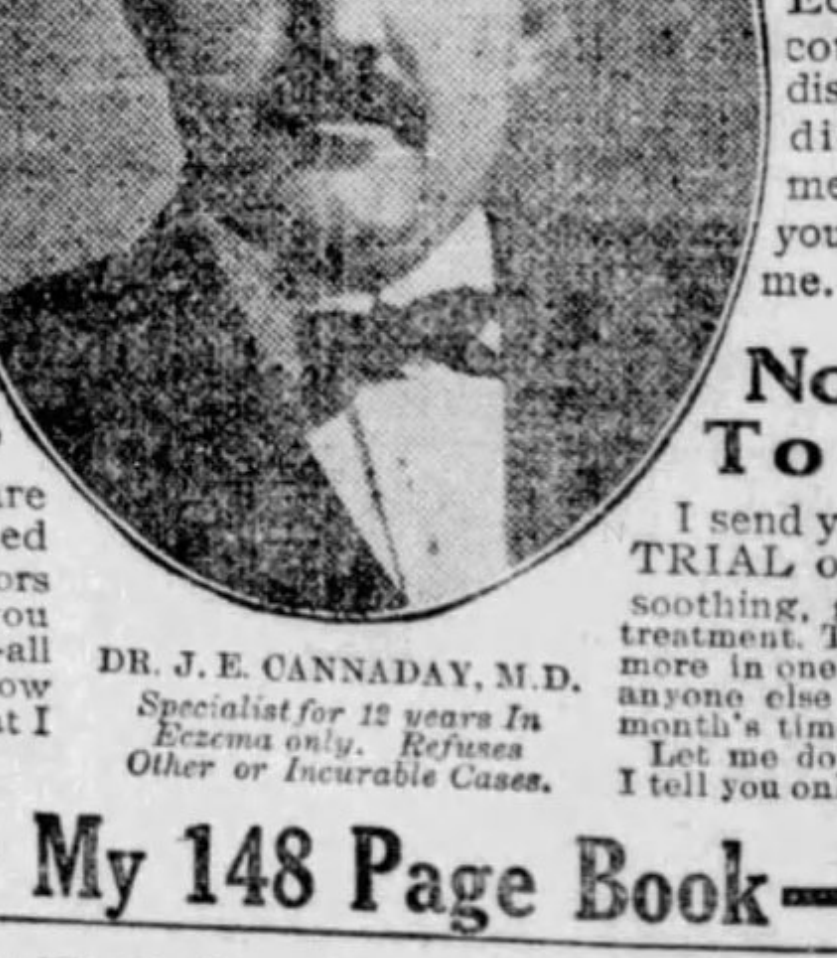
LADIES DON'T BE DISFIGURED. Remove that superfluous hair with the MAY STONE. Neither a powder nor a liquid, but a simple velvet-like stone. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. (Send for circular.) By mail $1.00.
E. EAGAN, 201 East 31st Street, New York City.

COLDS Lead to serious complications. You will find quick and permanent relief by using Royal Cold Tablets. Write for free samples and literature. Royal Chemical Co., Logan, Ohio.



I Offer You—ECZEMA Salvation

Real Sufferers from Eczema, also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Skin, Etc.—I will send you my treatment by mail—Salvation from Suffering

Will You Take It?
Help for the discouraged. Good, sound, sensible, practical advice and treatment if you suffer from Eczema. I refuse all other cases. I will tell you if I can't cure you.

Then Cheer Up!
Eczema can be cured to stay. When I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D. Not merely patched up for a while to return worse than before.

For 12 Years of My Life
I have handled nearly half a million cases of this dreadful disease. Spent 12 years doing nothing else.

Millions Need This
Millions who have Eczema, discouraged and disgusted with disappointments I dare you to write to me. Cheer up!

Give Me 30 Days
Now, I do not care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is 30 days to show you that I know what I am talking about.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, M.D.
Specialist for 12 years In Eczema only. Refuses Other or Incurable Cases.

No Risk To You
I send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment. That convinces more in one day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. Let me do this to prove I tell you only the truth.

Write For My 148 Page Book—FREE

My Instant Relief
With my free trial treatment I also send you my illustrated lifework book telling all facts about Eczema. It will give you more real comfort than you ever thought the world holds for you.

I Promise You
Greater instant relief than you dare to hope. Proof within 30 days that you are cured, or can be cured quickly. You to be the sole judge and jury before I get paid my little fee

It means so much more to you than it possibly could to me. So why not?

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
703 Ohio Street
SEDALIA, MO.
References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.
I ask you—"Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer from Eczema?"

EXPLOSION KILLS GERMAN OFFICERS

Zeppelin Airship Goes to Pieces in Mid-Air—27 Victims.

Berlin, Oct. 17.—The newest and largest of the Zeppelin war airships, the "LII," was destroyed in mid-air by an explosion at 10:15 o'clock this morning. All but one of the 27 military men on board, including the entire admiralty trial board, were killed.

The disaster occurred just above the main street of the city of Johannisthal while the big dirigible, 500 feet long, was making a trial trip preliminary to its acceptance as flagship of the new German aerial navy.

The shattered hulk of the airship, a mass of blazing canvas and crumpled aluminum, dropped 900 feet into the public highway. Hundreds of people, who had been watching the flight from parks and house tops, rushed to the scene. There was nothing to be done except to take out the bodies of the victims from the mass of twisted wreckage.

Guest Was Only Survivor.

Lieutenant Baron Von Bleul, of the Queen Augusta Grenadier Guards, who was making the trip as a guest, was the only survivor of the wreck. He was badly injured and his condition is critical. Many of the bodies were so burned and mangled as to be unrecognizable.

The admiralty trial board consisted of seven officers, including Lieutenant Commander Behnisch and Senior Lieutenant Freyer, of the German naval flying corps. The airship's pilot was Captain Gluth, a veteran steersman in the employ of Count Zeppelin. Naval Contractors Neumann and Pietzler and Naval Engineer Busch were among those on board the LII.

Friend of the Kaiser.

Lieutenant Commander Behnisch was a close personal friend of the emperor. He was formerly navigating officer of the Imperial Yacht Hohenzollern and later commander of the cruiser Panther.

Lieutenant Freyer was also a favorite of Emperior William. He was formerly personal adjutant of Prince Adalbert, one of the sons of the emperor. He served with the prince on board a torpedo boat after studying with him at the naval academy.

Spectators who had been watching the impressive maneuvers of the "LII." from below, suddenly saw the great gas bag burst into a glaring flame and then fall. A second or two later the reverberating sound of the terrific explosion reached them.

It was impossible for some time to approach the flaming dirigible, beneath which the members of the crew had been crushed and burned.

A director of one of the aviation companies at the Johannisthal aerodrome was an eye witness of the disaster. He described it as follows:

Series of Catastrophes.

"I rushed to a window and saw the new dirigible in flames and plunging toward the earth. The outer covering of the aircraft had been already burned off and the inner ballonets containing the gas had disappeared.

"The naked aluminum framework with its long center pieces, its interlaced ribs and its tapering ends, and the gondolas containing the motors beneath, fell rapidly, bow foremost.

"When the skeleton of the immense craft struck the earth, the heavy gondolas buried themselves in the ground.

"I rushed immediately to the scene after ordering out the fire deaprtment from the aerodrome.

"Coming so shortly after the destruction of the 'LI.' in a hurricane in the North Sea on September 9, when 15 men were killed, today's disaster gave rise to a feeling of consternation in Berlin whose public had within a week been saddened by the loss of many German passengers on board the burned Volturno and by accounts of the terrible mining casastrophe in Wales.

"The fire departments of all the neighboring suburbs with detachments of the balloon corps, the pioneers and other troops were soon on the spot, but there was nothing left to save.

Whole Ship Afire.

The dirigible before she left the balloon hall at Johannisthal, took on board her regular naval crew and a number of officers. She headed for Berlin, a short distance away, in a light wind. About a dozen aviators were circling the aerodrome at the time in aeroplanes.

Everything was apparently in good order on the airship. She was gradually getting up speed when suddenly an explosion was heard by those on the ground, evidently in one of the motors in the center gondola. A flash shot out and the next instant the whole ship was afire and plunging downward. Every inch of the canvas covering and the ballonets disappeared in a moment. A second and more violent explosion was then heard, the fire having reached the gasoline tanks filled with about a ton of liquid fluid. Before the echoes of the explosion had died down, the wreck of the most modern of Germany's dirigibles lay a flaming mass on the ground.

Mass of Glowing Wires.

The balloon lay in a great curve like a letter "S," a mass of glowing wires and tangled girders. The cylinders of the motors in the center gondola and one of the after propellers could be distinguished. Otherwise there was nothing to indicate that the debris was that of Germany's proudest airship.

Pioneers armed with axes hacked at the wreckage for two hours before they extricated the last of the bodies of the victims.

The dead were borne on stretchers to the baloon hall and a company of soldiers roped off the place to keep back the crowd. The six inmates of the center gondola had been blown through the sides of the car by the first explosion and their bodies fell a quarter of a mile away from the wreck of the balloon, which was traveling at 40 miles an hour when the accident happened

Survivor Desperately Injured.

All the others except two were apparently killed by the explosion of the gasoline tank and were probably dead before the wreckage reached the earth. The commander and members of the admiralty trial board were seated in the officers' gondola. After the fire broke out they were caged inside a network of red hot girders. Two of the crew were still alive when rescuers reached the wreckage. One of them, however, died before he was extricated. The other, Lieutenant Baron Von Bleul, is desparately injured.

Besides the officers already mentioned, Lieutenant Trenk who was second in command, Chief Engineer Haussman and three engineer secretaries from the admiralty board, were killed.

The pilot, Captain Glund, was the only civilian on board the airship He was commander of the Zeppelin balloon which landed in France in April, this year. The rest of those on board were officers of the German navey. The engineers of the Zeppolin company had expressed their confidence when the LII. was completed that she would be able to cross the Atlantic.

Latest Fashion Book

2 CENTS POSTPAID

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER

Latest Fashion Book Only 2c

READ THIS VERY SPECIAL OFFER.

FOR the benefit of our readers who use patterns we publish four times a year the well-known fashion book, "EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER."

The Spring Fashion Number is ready February 1.

The Summer Fashion Number is ready May 1.

The Fall Fashion Number is ready August 1.

The Winter Fashion Number is ready November 1.

The price is 5 cents a copy or 20 cents a year. "EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER" tells how to make Coats, Waists, Skirts, Costumes, Aprons, Dressing Sacques, Underwear, Baby Clothes, Clothes for Boys and Girls, etc., etc. Every woman who uses patterns or does sewing at home should buy "EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER" four times a year. Besides telling how to make clothes it illustrates and describes hundreds of the newest styles for Ladies, Misses and Children.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER:—If you use patterns, or if you order any pattern shown in this or any other issue of our paper, we will send you the very latest issue of "EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER" for 2c. Just send your address and 2c to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O

Faces Hard Task of Handling Income Tax

L.F. SPEER

Washington, Oct. 18.—L. F. Speer of Bangor, Pa., was appointed deputy commissioner of internal revenue under a provision of the new tariff law providing for such an official to take charge of the collection of the income tax.

Mr. Speer has been an employe of the internal revenue bureau in Washington for 22 years. Four years ago, when the corporation tax became effective through the enactment of the Payne tariff laws, he was placed in charge of corporation tax collections.

FALLING AEROPLANES KILL THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Berlin, Oct. 17.—Not only the German navy, but the army as well, suffered from aviation accidents today. Three army officers belonging to the flying corps were killed this morning in aeroplane accidents.

Captain Haeseler, Lieutenant Koch and Sergeant Mante, all of the German army aviation corps, were the victims.

To Deliver Messages.

Captain Haeseler, accompanied by Lieutenant Von Freyberg and Lieutenant Koch, accompanied by Sergeant Mante, left last night with instructions to fly to points in Silesia and Bavaria respectively to deliver military messages.

The motor of Captain Haeseler's aeroplane broke down when the aviators were in the vicinity of Breslau. Captain Haeseler endeavored to make an emergency landing in the darkness The aeroplane settled in a tree top and Captain Haeseler was pinned in beneath the motor with an arm and both legs broken.

Burns to Death.

His companion, Lieutenant Freyberg, was not injured. He clambered down and secured help but after endeavoring for several hours with assistance to extricate his companion, the gasoline tank of the aeroplane exploded and Captain Haeseler was burned to death.

Lieutenant Koch and Sergeant Mante fell with their aeroplane near Wuerzburg. Both were instantly killed.

TWO AMERICAN CITIZENS MURDERED IN MEXICO

Guadalajara, Mexico, Oct. 17.—Two American citienzs and one Mexican were killed on Tuesday as the result of a feud at Hostotipaquillo, a mining camp in the state of Jalisco, about 80 miles to the northwest of this city. Twenty-five foreigners there were threatened with extermination.

The dead Americans are Thomas Barrett, a mine manager, and William Kendall, a mine employe.

News of the killing reached this ctiy early today.

Barrett was murdered with an axe by the Mexican, who was captured by Kendall and turned over to the rural guards. While the guards were escorting the murderer to Magdalena, they shot him.

A story reached the mining camp that the murderer had been killed by Kendall, whereupon a number of Mexicans set upon Kendall and killed him. The same night about 100 Mexicans attacked all the foreigners in camp. The foreigners took refuge in a mine after telephoning Magdalena for troops.

Relief for Catarrh Sufferers Now FREE

You Can Now Treat This Trouble in Your Own Home and Get Relief at Once.

How the Remedy for Catarrh Was Discovered.

By the new method the nose and throat are treated by an effective local remedy applied directly to the afflicted membranes.

The Elixir, taken into the stomach, has a direct influence upon the mucous membranes of the body and cures the disease by removing the cause.

THIS terrible disease has raged unchecked for years simply because *symptoms* have been treated while the vicious germs that cause the trouble have been left to circulate in the blood, and bring the disease back as fast as local treatments could relieve it.

C. E. Gauss, who experimented for years on a treatment for Catarrh, found that after perfecting a balm that relieved the nose and throat troubles quickly, he could not prevent the trouble beginning all over again.

On test cases, he could completely remove all signs of Catarrh from nose and throat, but in a few weeks they were back.

Careful experiments and investigations have shown that as the troubles were expelled from the nose and throat, the real cause of the disease was overlooked and in a short time the Catarrh would return stronger than ever. Mr. Gauss has gone way ahead of the ordinary methods of treatment and has provided a remedy that

Kills the Germs in the Blood

and immediately gives relief to the nose and throat.

He perfected the New Combined Treatment, since admitted to be the logical, *sure*, scientific method.

Reese Jones, of Scranton, Penn., says that after trying many other treatments, he used this new method and—"My nose is now entirely clear and free and I am not bothered by the disease any more. The New Combined Treatment is worth its weight in gold."

Temporary relief from catarrh may be obtained in other ways, but the New Combined Treatment must inevitably be accepted for *permanent* results.

Sarah J. Cape, Mount Pelia, Tenn., says, "I suffered the pains and distress of catarrh for thirteen years and needless to state, tried nearly every method. But by your new method I was completely cured and you cannot imagine the joy that has come over me."

Trial Treatment FREE

This new method is so important to the welfare of humanity, so vital to every person suffering from any form of catarrh, that the opportunity to actually *test* it and *prove* its results, will be gladly extended without one cent of cost.

A large trial treatment, with complete, minute directions, will be sent free to any catarrh-sufferer.

Send no money, take no risks, make no promises. Simply clip, sign and mail the coupon and the test package of the New Combined Treatment will be sent fully prepaid, together with the valuable book on Catarrh.

Goes to the Root of

- Stopped-up noses
- Constant "frog-in-the-throat"
- Nasal discharges
- Hawking and spitting
- Snoring at night
- Bad Breath
- Frequent colds
- Difficult breathing
- Smothering sensation in dreams
- Sudden fits of sneezing
- Dry mucus in nose
- and any of the other symptoms that indicate approaching or present catarrh.

Send the Test Treatment FREE

C. E. GAUSS,
5182 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

If your New Combined Treatment will relieve my Catarrh and bring me health and good spirits again, I am willing to be shown. So, without cost or obligation to me, send, fully prepaid, the Treatment and Book.

Name..

Address..

CAPTAIN INCH'S VOLTURNO STORY

Succession of Explosions Started the Fire on Ill-Fated Atlantic Liner.

New York, Oct. 15.—Captain Francis Inch, of the Volturno, sent his story of the disaster by wireless from the Kroonland, on which he is being brought to this port, to the offices of the Uranium line here. Captain Inch's narrative reads:

"At 6:50 a. m., October 9, latitude 49.12 north, longitude 34.51 west, fire was reported in hold No. 1, by chief officer. At 6:55 a. m. flames were burning through No. 1 hatches, setting fire to the forecastle and all deck fittings. I slowed the ship down and kept her before the wind to enable us to put the steam extinguishers in operation, also three fire hose from deck connections. The flames were gaining rapidly, reaching the height of the foremast light and imprisoning the watch below, who were burned to death in the forecastle.

Series of Explosions.

"A series of explosions occurred, wrecking the saloon and hospital amidships, the compass and steering gear being also damaged by the explosion. I gave orders to get help by wireless as soon as the flames burnt the hatches.

"It seemingly being impossible to save the ship, I had boats provisioned and swung out. The ship was rolling heavily, boats Nos. 13 and 5 were smashed, but No. 2 was laid in the water with cabin passengers and stewardess in charge of Chief Officer H. P. Miller.

Boat Capsized.

After this boat left the ship she capsized, throwing her occupants into the water. She afterwards righted and several of the crew got back into the boat, the chief officer being one of them. The No. 6 boat was lowered and got away safely filled with steerage passengers in charge of Fourth Officer Langsell. The No. 7 boat on being lowered was caught under the stern of the ship, the boat being completely wrecked.

"Meanwhile the chief engineer, two seamen and myself fought the fire and apparently subdued the flames. I gave orders to send no more boats away, as I had received word from the Carmania that she was hoping to be with us by 11 a. m. Life belts were served out and put on each passenger. The passengers became calmer. Food was served to them.

Bunker Abaze.

"At 9 a. m. the bunker was found to be ablaze. It being impossible to stop the fire in the bunker account gases, the watertight doors were closed and water poured down the No. 2 hatch onto the fire, but the fire was gaining all the time.

"At 11 a. m. the Carmania arrived and lowered a boat, but could not reach the ship account the high seas. Asked Carmania to look for the No. 2 boat. The steamship Seydlitz arrived and lowered boats which could not reach us. About 3 p. m. the Carmania returned and tried to reach the ship with life rafts, but all drifted past our bow, too far away.

Other Steamers Come.

"Several steamers had arrived by dusk. The Kroonland put away boats which made four attempts to come alongside, but were swept away each time.

"At 9:30 p. m. the saloon and chart house were flaming. The deck, bridge and all before the funnel were blazing fiercely. Pumps and dynamo stopped for want of steam. Marconi operators worked with the accumulators until 11 p. m. when the magazine on the bridge blew up, carrying the aerial away.

"Several boats by this time were laying off the ship and induced passengers to jump and they were rescued by boats. At 12 midnight, the weather was overcast and squally. Operations were suspended, it being too dark for boats to see. The fire meanwhile worked through the women's steerage to the after end of the ship, but we kept knowledge of this from the passengers, who were quiet throughout the rest of the night.

"The chief engineer, the Marconi men, and seamen and myself spent the night making small rafts in case the fire burned through the deck before daylight.

At 5:15 a. m. the first boat arrived. Weather and sea having moderated, boats were enabled to come alongside ship, which enabled passengers to embark quickly. All the steamers laying around the ship sent boats. Now we were enabled to load three boats with passengers at once. The passengers left in a very orderly way and there was no panic, women breaking down and crying when help was alongside, and all were off the ship by 8 a. m., about 400 passengers. I searched the ship myself and found no one else on board, so decided to abandon her, as the Number 3 hatch was well alight by now, so with remainder of crew embarked on the Kroonland.

"Nothing at all has been heard of the two missing boats. Passing vessels were asked to keep a lookout for them.

"I wish to express my heartiest thanks and gratitude to the captains of ships who stood by; also to the officers and crews, who came to our assistance, for their bravery and endurance in their endeavor to come alongside the ship; also to the passengers of the Kroonland for their kindness to the rescued passengers, engineers and crew and myself in fitting us out and doing everything for us.

Following are the names of the steamers that came to our assistance: Carmania, Grosser Kurfurst, Latouraine, Asian, Narragansett, Seydlitz, Minneapolis, Devonian, Czar, Rappahannock, also one other steamer without wireless. The ship was abandoned in lat 48.30 north, longitude 34.57 west."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

COTTON RISES $2 PER BALE

New Orleans, La., Oct. 20.—The cold wave put the price of cotton up almost $2 a bale soon after the market opened this morning. On the first call there was a rush to buy and prices mounted swiftly.

Trading months went to a level 36 to 42 points up before long profit taking caused a reaction. However, the downward movement was not well maintained as detailed reports from the weather bureau made the situation over the belt look worse than did the weather map.

26 SOLDIERS KILLED

Train Derailed and Coaches Dragged Over Trestle.

Mobile, Ala., Oct. 20.—Victims of yesterday's troop train wreck on the Mobile & Ohio Railroad at Buckatunna, Miss., were brought to Mobile early today on relief trains. The list of known dead at 8 o'clock was 26, most of whom were members of the 170th Coast Artillery. There were 74 seriously injured soldiers in Mobile hospitals, while a number of the less seriously hurt were taken to the government hospital at Fort Morgan.

Physicians who arrived on the relief train said they feared at least 15 among the seriously injured could not survive.

Investigation of the cause of the wreck continued today. It was believed to have resulted from the derailing of the locomotive tender, which dragged the baggage car and three coaches off the track and over a 25-foot trestle.

The injured were members of the 170th company, the 39th company and the eighth band. They were en route from Forts Morgan and Barancas to a state fair at Meridian, Mississippi.

The Death List.

Meridian, Miss., Oct. 20.—The dead in the troop train wreck, as far as they have been identified are:

Joseph Teben.
Ernst Parquette.
Clyde Teel.
H. B. Bishop.
G. C. Burleson.
Joseph Provence.
W. H. Brim.
—— Goodes.
—— Remsen.
—— Gruckle.
—— Acres.
Captain Johnson, of the eighth regiment band.
Corporal Kohler.
Corporal Chelwski.
—— Van Stebbens, private.
Private Joe Leber, 170th company.
Private W. H. Brin, 170th.
Private G. W. Goodes, 170th.
Private Gureldruehlki, 170th.
Private Acres, 170th.
Private Edward Panek, 170th.
Private Virgil Remsen, 39th.
A. T. Klovinsky, 170th.

One body unidentified with initials "H. T." on cap.

CONVICT ADMITS HE KILLED GIRL

Mystery of Murder of Florence Brown, of Dallas, Tex., Cleared Up.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 16.—A convict in the state reformatory at Jeffersonville has confessed that he murdered Florence Brown, the Dallas, Texas, stenographer, who was found in an office there with her throat cut last July 28, according to D. C. Peyton, superintendent of the reformatory, here last night.

The official refuses to make public the name of the prisoner, but declared that it had been definitely established that the man, who was a paroled prisoner, was in Dallas the day of the crime. An investigation now is being made because it is believed that other persons were implicated in the crime.

The man who confessed, according to Superintendent Peyton, had been sentenced to serve two to 21 years in the prison for murder in Indiana and had been paroled. He went to Texas, where, he told the official, that after being intoxicated for several weeks he went into the real estate office where Miss Brown was employed to rob the place. The stenographer threatened to scream and he cut her throat with his pocketknife, the convict said.

Leaving Dallas the convict returned to Indiana where he was arrested and returned to the reformatory for violating his parole. After a few weeks he called for Superintendent Peyton and made his confession.

Chief of Police Ryan of Dallas, was at the reformatory Tuesday to investigate the confession and returned to Dallas yesterday to investigate the theory that other persons were implicated in the murder of the girl.

DUCHESS TO CROSS AFRICA

Famous Italian Woman to Make Difficult Journey.

Naples, Oct. 20. — The Duchess Elena of Aosta left yesterday for Cairo to make her fourth journey across Central Africa. The trip will take four or five months, during part of which time the duchess will be in the heart of darkest Africa.

As a nurse in Tripoli during the recent war, prominent also in relief work following the Messina earthquake, the duchess has long been regarded as one of the most remarkable women in Italy, her various activities having been carried on despite recurrent reports that she was in ill health.

HUGE POTATO FOR PRESIDENT

It Weighs Six and Three-Quarter Pounds.

Washington, Oct. 18.—A big sweet potato, weighing six and three-quarter pounds, was removed from the desk of President Wilson today and carried to the White House kitchen. The White House chef tonight will pop it into the family pot and the prize vegetable will grace the table of the chief executive of the United States at dinner.

The potato, on view to the President's callers all of yesterday, was the gift of Charles E. Robinson, of Lincolnton, N. C. The donor sent it, he said, "as a sample of Democratic prosperity."

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation if you write to me. Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 806 Marcelius Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Oct. 20.—There was a higher opening to wheat prices today due to light offerings and smaller receipts in the northwest. Trade was fairly active on the buying side at the opening and the market became quite firm. Cables were much lower and prices a Liverpool receded further in the later trading. This feature was offset by the conditions on this side. Cash wheat was up ½c to 91¼c. Dec. was up a like amount to 92½c. May wheat was up ⅝c to 93⅝c.

				Close—	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Oct. 20.	Oct. 18.
Cash	91¼	....	....	91¼	90¾
Dec.	92¼	92½	92¼	92½	92
May	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝	96⅝	96
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	72¼	71⅝
Dec.	68	68¼	68	68¼	67½
May	70⅝	71	70⅝	71	70¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41⅝	41½
Dec.	40½	40⅝	40½	40⅝	40½
May	43⅝	44	43½	44	43⅝
Clover seed—					
Prime ...	....	....	....	7.90	7.80
Oct.	7.80	7.90	7.80	7.90	7.80
Dec.	7.80	7.87½	7.80	7.87½	7.80
March ..	7.87½	7.90	7.87½	7.90	7.85
Rye—					
No 2....	....	....	....	69	67
Aisike—					
Oct.	10.70	....	....	10.70	10.70
Dec.	10.40	....	....	10.40	10.40
March ..	10.40	....	....	10.40	10.40
Timothy—					
Old	....	....	....	2.45	2.42½
New	....	....	....	2.47½	2.45
Oct.	2.45	....	....	2.47½	2.45
Dec.	2.52½	....	....	2.52½	2.50
Feb.	2.55	....	....	2.60	2.55
March ..	2.57½	....	....	2.62½	2.57½
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	82⅝	83⅜	82⅝	83¼	82⅝
May	87¾	88⅝	87½	88½	87⅝
Corn—					
Dec.	66½	67¼	66½	67¼	66⅝
May	69	69⅝	68⅝	69¼	68⅝
Oats—					
Dec.	37⅞	38¼	37⅞	38⅛	37⅞
May	41⅝	41⅝	41¼	41⅝	41⅛
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Jan.	19.35	19.45	19.35	19.40	19.40
May	19.40	19.57	19.47	19.52	19.47
Lard—					
Oct.	10.37	10.37	10.35	10.35	10.30
Jan	10.30	10.32	10.27	10.32	10.27
May	10.45	10.50	10.42	10.47	10.42
Ribs—					
Oct.	10.45	....	....	10.40	10.45
Jan.	10.22	10.27	10.22	10.25	10.22
May	10.40	10.45	10.37	10.40	10.37
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	92⅝	....	....	93	92⅝
May	95¼	....	....	95⅝	95¼
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Dec	84⅝	....	....	86	84⅝
May	89⅛	....	....	89⅝	88⅝
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	81¼	80⅝
May	....	....	....	86⅝	85⅞
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	82¼	81⅝
May	....	....	....	86½	85⅞

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Butter unchanged; creameries, 29½@31c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,510 cases: firsts, 25@26c; ordinary, 21½@22½c; dirties, 10@12c. Cheese lower; dairies, 15½@15¾c; twins, 14¾@15c; Americas, 15@15¾c; long horns, 15@15¼c. Potatoes higher; receipts, 86 cars; Michigan and Wisconsin, 60@70c; Minnesota and Ohio, 62@70c. Poultry steady; springs, 13½c; fowls, 13½c; turkeys, 17c.

New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 20.—Flour quiet; spring patents, $4.20@4.50; winter straights, $4.10@4.20; winter patents, $4.40@4.60; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.55@3.75; extra No. 2 winter, $3.35@3.50; Kansas straights, $4.10@4.20. Smaller northwest receipts and buying for a rally caused a firm ruling in wheat this morning; December, 92 11-16@92 15-16c. Pork steady; mess, $23.75@24.25; family, $24.50@27.00; short clear, $19.75@21.50. Beef steady; mess, $17.50@18.50; family, $19.00@20.00. Lard steady; middle west, $10.55@10.65. Petroleum steady; refined, New York bulk, $5.00; barrels, $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open ketle, 35@55c. Hay quiet; standard, $1.02½@1.05; No. 2, 95c@$1.00; No. 3, 85@90c; No. 1, $1.07½@1.10. Hides steady; Bogota, 32@33c; Central American, 32½c. Leather firm; hemlock firsts, 29@30c; seconds, 28@29c.

Raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 2.98c; centrifugal, 3.48c; molasses sugar, 2.73c; refined, steady; cut loaf, 5.20c; crushed, 5.10c; mould A 4.75c; cubes, 4.50c; XXXX powdered, 4.40c; powdered, 4.35c; fine granulated, 4.25c; diamond A 4.25c; confectioners A. 4.10c; No. 1, 4.15c.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 20.—Cotton futures opened firm; October, 13.80c; December, 13.79c; January, 13.50c; March, 13.56c; May, 13.52c; July, 13.37c.

The cotton market had an excited opening today, with first prices 27 to 38 points higher on reports of frost in Oklahoma, Texas, and parts of the Mississippi Valley, while private wires reported snow and sleet in sections of Georgia and Alabama, and predicted still colder weather. There was a big rush of covering and December contracts sold within 18 points of the higher records of the season. Realizing was heavy around the opening figures, and prices reacted 10 or 11 points, but the market later recovered to within 5 or 6 of the opening level. Bullish reports from the dry goods trade and higher cables helped the advance.

The market was very firm later in the morning on continued bad weather reports, southern buying and further covering. Prices at midday were about 40 to 46 points net higher.

Estimated receipts, 71,000 bales.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 20.—Cattle—Receipts, 500; market steady. Veal calves; receipts, 600; market 25c higher; good to choice, $11.50@11.75. Sheep and lambs; receipts, 1,600; sheep steady; lambs, 25@40c higher; choice spring lambs, $7.25@7.40. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; market steady; heavies, mediums, yorkers and light yorkers, $8.35, piggs, $7.25; roughs, $7.60; seags, $7.25

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Hogs—Receipts, 39,000; market slow; bulk of sales, $7.90@8.30; light, $7.70@8.40; mixed, $7.75@8.50; rough, $7.65@7.90; heavy, $7.65@8.40; pigs, $4.75@7.75. Cattle—Receipts, 19,000; market steady; beeves, $3.75@9.55; Texas steers, $6.75@7.85; stockers and feeders, $5.10@7.65; cows and heifers, $3.50@8.30; calves, $7.00@10.50. Sheep—Receipts, 52,000; market steady; native, $3.85@4.95; yearlings, $5.00@6.00; lambs, native, $5.75@7.05.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Oct., 20.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,000; prime steers, $8.60@8.75; shipping, $8.00@8.50; butchers, $7.00@8.50; cows, $3.50@6.75; bulls, $5.00@7.25; heifers, $5.50@7.60; stock heifers, $5.00@5.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.30; fresh cows and springers, $35.50@88.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,000; market active at $8.00@11.50. Canada, $3.50@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 20,000; heavy, $8.50@8.60; mixed, $8.40@8.50; Yorkers, $8.00@8.50; pigs, $7.50@7.75; roughs, $7.60@7.75; stags, $6.50@7.50; dairies, $8.25@8.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 13,000; lambs, $5.50@7.75; yearlings, $4.50@6.00; wethers, $5.00@5.35; ewes, $2.50@4.85; a few, $5.00; sheep, mixed, $4.75@5.15.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,600; steady; heavy steers, $8.35@8.70; fat steers, $8.00@8.35; fair steers, $6.25@6.75; heifers, $7.15@7.50; fat cows, $6.40@7.00; fair cows, $3.60@5.00; butcher bulls, $6.30@6.60; milch cows, $50@80. Hogs—Receipts, 9,000; active; prime heavies, heavy mixed, mediums and heavy Yorkers, $8.45@8.50; light Yorkers, $8.00@8.25; pigs, $7.00@7.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; strong; prime wethers, $5.00; choice lambs, $7.40. Calves—Receipts, $6.00; steady; good to choice veals, $11.50.

FORM NEW SUFFRAGE CLUB

Women of Many Nations to Join Washington Organization.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Women of many tongues are to be included in an international suffrage club to be organized here within the immediate future. Plans for the new organization were laid today, and it is to be patterned after similar clubs now successfully founded in London, Paris, Berlin and other important capitals of the world.

Men who are favorably disposed toward assisting their sisters to capture the right of franchise may be admitted to membership.

The success of the venture, its promoters declare, is assured, for there is a considerable element here in the diplomatic set who are zealous advocates of universal suffrage. These women are being invited to join and the responses are said to be encouraging.

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for thirty-six years. He spent thousands of dollars before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 1835 Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

WHAT IS GOOD FOR WEAK MEN?

WRITE ME AND I WILL TELL YOU.

This is not a commercial proposition. It is simply an honest endeavor to help men. So I seek only men who are thoroughly in earnest, who really need help and who appreciate a square deal.

G. H. Boberts, 121 Boberts, Bldg.,
Detroit, Mich.

STOP CATARRH OVER NIGHT

Oxygen did this for me.
Oxygen will do it for you.

I WILL TELL YOU HOW—FREE

SAM KATZ

Who tells Catarrh sufferers how he conquered this foul monster.

No Salves, Steam, Spray, Creams or Vapor. No Atomizers or apparatus of any kind. Nothing to Smoke, Burn or Chew. No Electricity, Vibration or Massage. No Inhalers or Plasters. OXYGEN—the vital element of the air.

Heals 24 Hours

How Oxygen Stops Catarrh.

You know that Oxygen is the Life-giving, Life-sustaining element of the air, water and food. It acts upon germs and gases that, otherwise, would poison us. Without Oxygen we would die.

You very likely knew this. But, did you know that Oxygen would stop Catarrh? That was new to me until I discovered the means for properly directing Oxygen to cure my own Catarrh.

I spent thousands of dollars seeking a cure, and, at last I found it right at my elbow—ready at hand—Pure Free Oxygen. I tried vapors, creams, sprays, salves, smoke, steam, injections, electricity, vibration, massage, plasters, atomizers, inhalers and other appliances, staying in the house, land and sea trips—all to no purpose.

No More Disappointments.

I tried everything you ever tried, to rid myself of that loathsome, hateful Catarrh, which continues to show itself in so many uncomfortable and conspicuous ways—hawking, spitting, foul breath, frequent blowing of the nose, snuffling, coughs, irritating colds, catarrhal deafness, head noises, etc. My efforts always met with disappointments, until I found Oxygen.

Being naturally of a cleanly habit, I was embarrassed and shamed by the hateful evidences of a stealthy, persistent enemy that was surely undermining my constitution, my ability and my disposition. I was shunned by social and business acquaintances, and could not blame them.

Like you, I have known despair. I sympathize with your affliction. I can only imagine how horribly distasteful catarrh must be to refined, sensitive men and women.

You Too Can Be Free.

I know why Catarrh sufferers avoid society, are unpopular and unsought. Why they seek always for a cure. I know, too, that there is relief "ready at your hand." I want to help you find it—men and women alike—as I found it. I will help you free.

I firmly believe that Oxygen, properly directed, will stop Catarrh of any kind over night. I have known hundreds of cases of Catarrh, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Foul Breath, Bad Tastes, Hoarseness, Colds in the Head and Throat, Affections of the Larnyx, and Tonsils, Stomach, Intestinal and Lung Trouble, that have been quickly stopped by proper application of Free Oxygen.

Don't Send Money—Write Me.

I do not ask, and will not accept, one cent for the information I offer you. It is free to any Catarrh sufferer. I do not ask your history nor the condition of your finances. I don't care about these things—they do not interest me.

Just buy a one cent postal card and send me your name and address, written plainly. If you wish, you can write me like this: "Dear Sam Katz—Please tell me how Free Oxygen cured your Catarrh and how it will cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand and will send complete information free, by return mail.

I Am in Earnest.

I am very much in earnest. If you suffer from any form of Catarrh, for the sake of your health, your happiness, your friends and family, just please let me do this for you. Let me send this information free, right now.

SAM KATZ, Suite D162
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

I Will Stake This Medicine Against Your Time

A Few Days Will Be Sufficient to Prove its Value in Your Disease

A few minutes of your time for a few days and I will demonstrate to you, without expense to yourself, that I have a medicine that drives Uric Acid poison from the system and by so doing cures kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism. I don't ask you to take my word for it but simply want you to let me send you some of this medicine so that you can use it personally.

I am trying to convince sufferers from these diseases that I have something far better than the usual run of remedies, treatments and such things, and the only way I can demonstrate that fact is to go to the expense of compounding the medicine and sending it out free of charge. This I am glad to do for any sufferer who will take the time to write me. Understand, I will not send you a so-called "sample, proof or test treatment," nor will I send you a package of medicine and say that you can use some of it and pay for the rest, but I will send you a supply free of charge and you will not be asked to pay for this gift nor will you be under any obligations.

All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is intended, as it is not a "cure-all," and I give herewith some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine, and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age, and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 5205 Deagan Building, Chicago, Ill. You promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words, and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known.

DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT
who will send medicine free of charge to all those who need it.

You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It stops rheumatic aches and pains immediately. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints quickly straighten out. It reconstructs the blood and nerves so that you soon feel healthier and more vigorous, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day. It does all this, and yet contains nothing injurious and is absolutely vouched for according to law.

Sufferers from these dreadful and dangerous diseases can surely afford **to spend a few minutes a day for a few days to demonstrate to their own** satisfaction if they are curable, especially when you consider no expense is involved, and I willingly give you my time and my medicine. All any fair-minded afflicted person wants to know is if a certain thing will cure HIM or HER, and here is an opportunity to find out without cost, obligation or important loss of time. THESE FEW DAYS may be the turning point in your life.

These Are the Symptoms:

1—Pain in the back.
2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
3—Nervousness, loss of flesh.
4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5—Weak, watery blood.
6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
9—Sciatic rheumatism.
10—Constipation or liver trouble.
11—Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
18—Acute rheumatism.

All who are interested enough to write me for the free medicine will also receive a copy of my large illustrated medical book which describes these diseases thoroughly. It is the largest book of the kind ever written for free distribution, and a new edition is just being printed. I will also write you a letter of instructions and medical advice that should be of great help to you; but in order to do this I must know that you need my medicine. Write me the numbers of the symptoms that trouble you, and your age, and I will promptly carry out my promises. Show an inclination to get well and write me, and **I will gladly send you a supply free.**

MRS. PANKHURST COMES TO U. S.

President Wilson Overrules Order of Ellis Island Immigration Officials.

New York, Oct. 20.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst left Ellis Island and came to New York shortly after 1 o'clock this afternoon. A motor car of Mrs. O. P. H. Belmont, suffrage leader, met her at the pier and she was driven to Mrs. Belmont's home.

The management of Madison Square Garden announced that in deference to Mrs. Pankhurst's desire to get a good rest, the mass meeting she was to have addressed tonight had been postponed until Wednesday night.

Mrs. Pankhurst is free to enter the United States. The Ellis Island board of deportation was reversed today after President Wilson had conferred on the celebrated case with Secretary Wilson and a hearing had been concluded before Immigration Commissioner Caminetti.

Secretary Wilson announced at the conclusion of his conference with the President that Mrs. Pankhurst would be admitted upon her own recognizance, with the understanding that she would depart at the end of her lecture engagements. No bond was exacted.

Secretary Wilson declared that he and the President had discussed the question briefly.

"We agreed," he said, "that Mrs. Pankhurst should be admitted on her own recognizance. My own reason is, and the President feels likewise, that there is naturally an element of doubt as to whether her acts constituted moral turpitude or were political in character.

Can Deport Her Later.

"Being admitted on her own recognizance, of course, if she violates any of our laws, we have two remedies. Our courts may pass on her acts or we may deport her. There being the element of doubt as to whether moral turpitude or political offense was involved, we decided that we have sufficient safeguards and that there can be no harm in admitting her."

President Wilson felt that the law had a flexible interpretation, so that it was largely a question of policy.

Commissioner Caminetti's decision was in strict accordance with the views of President Wilson and the secretary of labor. Mr. Caminetti filed a brief memorandum, recommending Mrs. Pankhurst's admission on her own recognizance and announced that he would later file his reasons in writing.

No Demonstration.

There was no demonstration at the immigration bureau when the decision was announced.

The audience of women which had sat through the hearing had departed.

Mrs. Pankhurst's lawyers received the verdict with broad smiles and announced they would leave at once for New York.

At headquarters of the National Woman Suffrage Association the news was received joyously, but all the officers said they expected nothing else. Supporters of the suffrage movement in congress received the announcement without making formal statements.

WANTS WIFE AT 103

Friend of Abraham Lincoln Wishes to Marry.

San Francisco, Oct. 18.—Charles C. Clusker, of San Diego, the oldest Elk in the world, 103 years of age, and a bachelor, announces that he is looking for a wife. He is not looking precipitately, for his vow that he will forswear the independence of bachelorhood does not involve fulfillment until 1915, when he will have reached the mellow old age of 105.

Clusker is hale and hearty. He was a boyhood chum of Abraham Lincoln, and it is his great pleasure to tell how they roamed the woods together nearly a hundred years ago, eating persimmons and pawpaws, and a little 'possum.

Every day this sturdy old gentleman walks twenty city blocks for exercise, and when he wants a drink he takes it, and usually it is not at a fountain.

Clusker was born in Richmond, Madison county, Ky., March 27, 1810, according to authentic records which he willingly shows to all who ask for proof of his remarkable age. It is not his age, alone, that causes wonderment, but he is so remarkably hale he appears to be nearer sixty than the century mark.

Uncle Charley, as he is called, does not carry a cane, he has never used glasses, his hand is firm and sure, and he hears the lowest spoken words.

Among his most precious memories he cherishes that of little Abe Lincoln, with whom he went gunning for squirrels when he and Abe were boys. Abe was a year older than Uncle Charley, but could not bring down the game.

"He never did learn how to shoot," Uncle Charley said, "and it was a constant trial to him that I could rest my long squirrel gun on the back of a log and bring down anything in sight."

Speaking of the fair sex, from his vast opportunity for experience, Uncle Charley said, "I have been a bachelor all my life. I have always done just what I pleased and I have always led a peaceful and enjoyable existence.

"I believe that 105 years is the proper time for a man to marry, and I am contemplating taking a wife in 1915 by way of celebrating the Panama-Pacific exposition and the opening of the Panama canal.

"What kind of a girl will I marry? Well, now you've got me." The old boy chuckled when he got around to the ancient discussion about the ideal woman. He had heard the subject discussed from every phase for the last 100 years.

Uncle Charley was a major in the militia before the Mexican war. When the war came he went to the front and participated in a number of engagements. Soon afterwards he and several companions came to California, where he has lived ever since.

Uncle Charley attributes his longevity to his motto: "Never worry, eat heartily, sleep soundly and be happy."

CHINESE BRIGANDS KILL 300

Peking, Oct. 17.—A force of Chinese brigands commanded by General Hwang Liang has murdered 300 people in the province of Fo-Kien and also burned two mission churches, the property of American missionary societies.

The American missionaries from the disturbed district are still in Fu-Chow, where they took refuge during the recent troubles.

PLAN TO PROTECT OCEAN TRAVELERS

Congress and Several Other Bodies Soon Will Take Up Question.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Immediate steps will be taken by congress, the department of commerce, and the American delegation to the London conference on safety at sea to provide safety for ocean travelers.

The senate considered on Thursday the Nelson bill to make more efficient seamen, and will vote on it by October 23.

The United States delegation to the international conference of safety at sea met in Washington this morning to consider the reports of the various committees made to Secretary Redfield last week.

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin offered his efficient seamen bill as a substitute for the Nelson bill. The La Follette bill passed the house last year as introduced by Representative Alexander of Missouri. It has the indorsement of Andrew Feruseth, president of the Seamen's union; Secretary Wilson of the department of labor, and Secretary Redfield of the department of commerce. It is suggested in official circles that the loss of life on the Volturno was due to inefficient handling of the life boats by the crew of the vessels; the same cause, combined with the inadequate number of life boats, caused the tremendous loss in the Titanic disaster. Better regulations for life boats have been put in force since the Titanic disaster.

Demand Able Seamen's Presence.

The chief feature of the La Follette bill, as regards safety, is that it provides for two able seamen in each life boat, whereas the Nelson bill is not definite on this point. Also, the La Follette bill provides that the sailors of a vessel must be able to understand the language used by the officers. The Nelson bill permits an interpreter to convey the orders. According to Mr. Feruseth, these provisions are most important. Pointing to the Volturno disaster as an example, he said:

"The Volturno was lost by fire in what is described as a gale. There seems to have been boats enough to take care of those on board. Two of the boats were lowered and got away. Four were lowered and smashed alongside. The fact that two got away indicates a lack of skill on the part of the crews of the four that failed to get away.

"When the Carmania arrived it lowered one of its boats. It seems that it was leeward of the Volturno when it did so. The boat tried to get up to the burning vessel. Some oars were lost, one was broken; both of which incidents indicate the lack of skill in the crew. Of course there may be conditions not reported that would furnish some other explanation.

Sees Proof of Laxity.

"One thing stands out undisputed—namely: that the Carmania's boat succeeded in getting back to the Carmania and was hoisted on board again. The weather was therefore such that, with proper skill, boats could be lowered and handled. The prominent fact in connection with this loss, so far as the information is available, is a lack of skill and men to handle the boats.

"The one supreme test of skill in a seaman and the one most important to the passengers is the seaman's ability to lower a boat and get away from the side of the vessel when the gale is blowing.

"The La Follette bill is better for the seaman and the passengers than the Nelson bill. The La Follette bill provides for a standard of efficiency in the able seaman equal to the lowest modern foreign standard set by statute: That two men of the grade of able seamen, or men of higher rating, shall be provided for each lifeboat carried, and that 75 per cent of the crew in each department of the vessel shall understand the language of the officers. This is made applicable to foreign vessels coming to ports of the United States and means for enforcement are provided."

Genuine "BULL" DURHAM Smoking Tobacco

Prize Winners

GRAND old "Bull" Durham Tobacco has won world-wide favor among smokers of all nations, classes and occupations. It is smoked by *more millions of men* in pipe and cigarette, than all other high-grade tobaccos *combined!*

The familiar muslin sack and the famous "Bull" sign are the most widely known and recognized package and advertisement in the world. "Bull" Durham has always been a winning brand—it has increased its sales every year of the 53 years of its existence! Last year alone over 352,000,000 muslin sacks were sold—nearly a million a day—and its sales are still growing!

GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

(Forty "rollings" in each 5-cent muslin sack)

"Bull" Durham has always won on its *honest value.* Its wonderful success proves that the majority of smokers *want* this pure, good, honest tobacco, with the *natural* rich tobacco fragrance—unspoiled by "processes" or doctoring of any kind. The stupendous "Bull" Durham success also proves that the majority of smokers *don't want* painted tins or "premiums"—*don't want* to pay for any frills they cannot smoke. "Bull" Durham smokers are *proud* of that homely muslin sack because they know the quality *is all in the tobacco*—where it *belongs!* Moreover, they know that "Bull" Durham Tobacco is *a premium in itself.*

Get a 5-cent muslin sack at the nearest dealer's today—roll a cigarette or try a pipeful—and enjoy the cheapest, yet the most satisfying, luxury in the world. No matter where you are, you can always get "Bull" Durham—and get it *fresh.* It is sold by more dealers throughout the world than any other single article of commerce!

A book of "papers" free with each 5-cent muslin sack.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co

LAND WAR BEGUN BY LLOYD-GEORGE

Campaign Started by Chancellor to Free England From Landlordism.

London, Oct. 18.—The campaign to "free British land from landlordism and get the people back on it" has been opened at Bedford by Chancellor David Lloyd-George. Lloyd-George says:

Landlordism is the greatest monopoly in this land, and the people are trusting in the government to put forth its strong right hand to lift them from the mire.

The authority of the sovereign is not comparable to that of the landlord over his subjects. He could make and maintain a wilderness and he has legal authority to do more than even a foreign enemy could impose on the country after a conquest. In Ireland millions have been driven away from the land by legal process.

Lloyd-George proceeded to tell of the "ghastly failure" of the land system of Great Britain. "The percentage of cultivated land here is lower than in any other country of Europe," he said. "This state of affairs is due to the fatuous and unbusinesslike methods of the landlords.

Poor Labor Conditions.

"The agricultural laborers of the British Isles receive lower pay and work longer hours than any others. It is a scandal that 90 per cent of the farm laborers of this country are in receipt of a scale of living lower than that of the poorhouse. The entire wages of the farm laborers of England and Wales amount to only $125,000,000 a year, whereas the parson and the landlord get $185,000,000 out of the land.

"Much as I love the parson, I would pay the laborer first. It is no wonder that scores of thousands are fleeing across the seas from such a land of mean bondage."

The chancellor, in unfolding the government's scheme for the improvement of the land system, pointed out that the financial aid or the state would have to be invoked in order to deal firmly, thoroughly and drastically with the monopoly.

"The country must choose," he continued, "between the power of the land owners and the prosperity of the laborers. It is no use tinkering. All the conditions of the monopoly must be recast and put on a fair business footing before considering the purchase of the land, which might involve an enormous endowment to the present owners and burden the community with a debt which it would take a long time to liquidate.

Reduce Game Lands.

"The game preserves in the British Isles must be reduced by two-thirds, and the best labor must be drawn to the land by a real living wage, shorter hours and comfortable homes. The laborer must have land enough to provide himself and his family with garden produce and the prospect of ultimately attaining a small farm. Experts must be provided to instruct the cultivator, facilities given him to market his produce cheaply, and an end put to the system by which certain railroads give undue preference to foreign produce.

"The system of rating must be changed and greater facilities given to the state to acquire land on terms fair to the community, as well as to the owner. Powerful aid from the state, both by legislation, administration and finance, will be evoked to carry out all these purposes and to put them into effective operation."

Extraordinary precautions had been taken against the militant suffragettes and other possible disturbers of the meeting. Barricades had been erected and the local police reinforced, while the fire brigade was in readiness to use its hose should any attempt be made to rush the barriers. Firemen were posted on the roof and in the garret of the hall to spy out the "wild women" who, it was suspected, would viously adopted.

ESTATE TO WIDOW AND SON

Tim Woodruff Left From $500,000 to $1,000,000.

New York, Oct. 17.—Timothy L. Woodruff, former lieutenant governor of New York, who died in this city last Sunday night, left his entire estate, valued at $500,000 to $1,000,000 to his widow, Isabelle, and his son John, to be divided equally between them. The will was filed for probate today in the surrogate's office in Brooklyn. It was drawn in Syracuse, dated January 31, 1906, and is but six paragraphs long. John H. Barr and Dean Clark, clerks in the office of Horace White, the Syracuse lawyer who drafted the will, were the witnesses. The widow, the son and Mr. Woodruff's brother-in-law, Rodney A. Ward of Brooklyn, are named as executors.

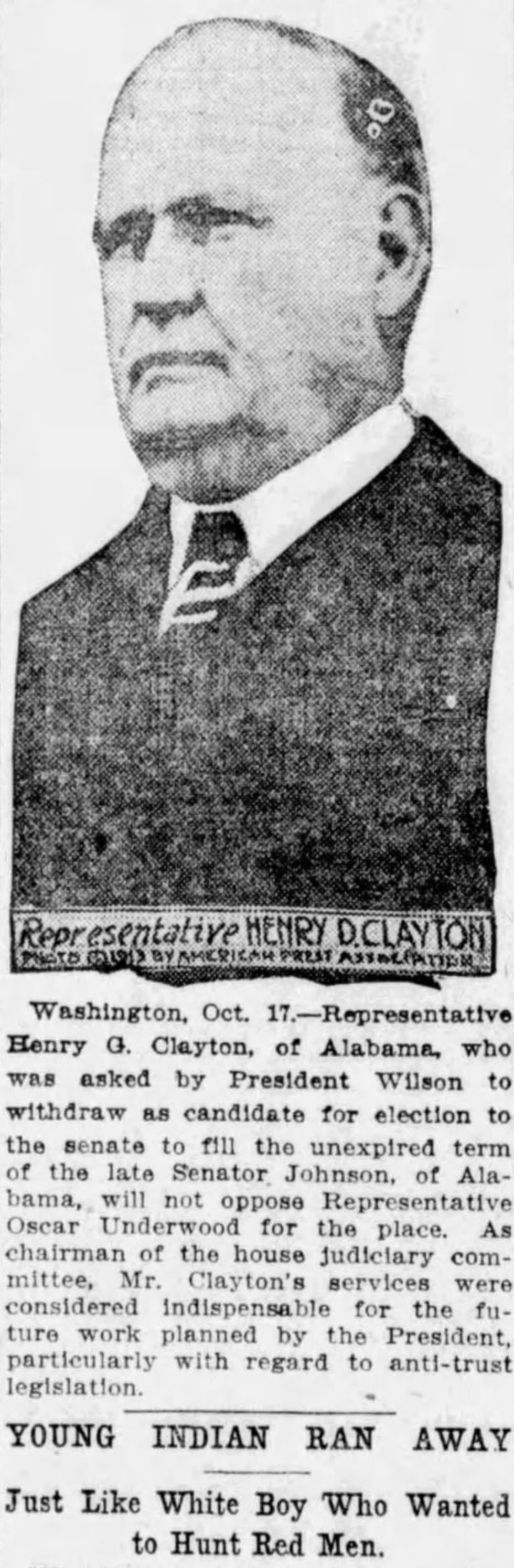
SULZER TO STAY IN POLITICS

Will Probably Be Progressive Candidate for Assembly.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 20.—Indications are that William Sulzer will make the race for assemblyman from the sixth district which is included in the congressional district he formerly represented.

Friends said that unless he changed his mind before tomorrow he would accept the Progressive nomination, which has been tentatively offered to him. Sulzer's plan, according to his friends, now are to leave here tomorrow for New York, where he will hold a conference with sixth district leaders.

He'll Aid Wilson in Attacking the Trusts


Representative HENRY D. CLAYTON
PHOTO (C) 1913 BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Washington, Oct. 17.—Representative Henry G. Clayton, of Alabama, who was asked by President Wilson to withdraw as candidate for election to the senate to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Johnson, of Alabama, will not oppose Representative Oscar Underwood for the place. As chairman of the house judiciary committee, Mr. Clayton's services were considered indispensable for the future work planned by the President, particularly with regard to anti-trust legislation.

YOUNG INDIAN RAN AWAY

Just Like White Boy Who Wanted to Hunt Red Men.

Washington, Oct. 18.—Just as thousands of adventurous white youths have run away from home to "fight Indians," so did Stancel Jumper, a full blood member of the Qualla Indian tribe in North Carolina, run away from the reservation to see the wonders of the white man's world. He will be shipped back to his reservation today in charge of an Indian office custodian.

Having attained the ripe age of 13 years, the young brave together with another lad of the same ripe years, crept from the ancestral tepee and started north. In Baltimore they became separated and Jumper decided to come to Washington to view the wigwam of the Great White Father. His native sagacity apparently failed him, for he was viewing the exterior of the police court when Deputy Marshal Reade came down the steps.

"Ugh!" said the copper colored young warrior, admiringly. "Heap big chief!" The official promptly rounded up the young aborigine, who was almost famished. Back to the reservation he goes at the white man's expense.

WOMEN SURRENDER PLUMES

Wearing Imported Aigrettes They Give Up to Customs Officials.

New York, Oct. 18.—Customs inspectors report that since the new regulation preventing the importation of aigrettes into this country took effect a week ago 12 women arriving from Europe have voluntarily surrendered to the government plumes ey had brought with them.

The inspectors have not yet found it necessary to ruthlessly tear feathers from hats, but the women who gave up their plumes said they were only imitations. In four cases the women swore the aigrettes were purchased in this country and in these instances the feathers were returned to their owners. In eight of the cases the feathers had been kept by the government and are still in the public stores.

Men Wanted for Big Jobs

The newspapers of the cities are crowded with advertisements for trained men at big salaries. Equal opportunities for earning more money are found everywhere.

Why don't YOU train yourself to qualify for one of these big salaried positions?

What if you DO live in the country or in a small town—you surely live near some manufacturing plant—a railroad—a telephone company—or you own a farm that will produce greater profit under scientific management.

The International Correspondence Schools make it possible for you to receive a thorough training at home in any occupation, trade or profession listed in the coupon below.

To learn all about this method of training, just mark the coupon opposite the occupation you prefer, and mail it to the I. C. S. TODAY. They will send you full particulars free of charge.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1160 SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running
Stationary Engineer
Locomotive Fireman
Electrical Engineer
Electric Lighting
Electric Wiring
Telephone Expert
Mechanical Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Architecture
Contracting and Building
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Foundry Work
Blacksmithing
Gas Engineer
Chemist
Agriculture
Livestock & Dairying
Poultry Farming
Salesmanship
Advertising Man
Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Civil Service Examinations
Good English For Every One
English Branches
Lettering and Sign Painting
Plumbing and Steam Fitting
Surveying and Mapping
Railroad Construction

Name
Present Employer
Address

SULZER SAYS HE SERVED HIS STATE

Wouldn't Have Been Convicted, He Says, if He'd Served Boss.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 18.—William Sulzer, removed from the governorship, has issued a statement regarding the fight made upon him:

"In response to requests from friends throughout the state for some expression from me I can only say at this time that I am glad that my trial is over,' 'he says.

"By virtue of a power beyond the present control of our electorate I now hand back to the people the commission they gave me and I hand it back to them—untarnished and unsullied.

"My lips have been sealed for weeks, during which time I have patiently submitted in silence to abuse and vilification.

Makes a Denial.

"I deny that I used campaign contributions for personal use.

"I deny that I speculated in Wall street or used money contributed for campaign purposes to buy stocks either in my own name or otherwise.

"I have fought a good fight against tremendous odds for honest government; I have kept the faith; I have been true to my official oath; I have stood by the people; I have dared to defy Boss Murphy, and I did it in the face of threats of exposure and personal destruction.

"Had I but served the 'boss' with half the zeal I did the state, I, William Sulzer, never would have been impeached.

Should Have Been More Careful.

"Looking back over it all, I am frank to say that I now realize I should have been more careful in some matters last fall, but I was so busy in the campaign that I gave no heed to details and trusted others, some of whom have proved treacherous; but so far as my administration of the governorship is concerned, I have no regrets, as my conscience is clear and tells me truly that I have done no wrong, but my whole duty fearlessly and honestly, day in and day out, to all the people of the state, as God gave me the light to see the right.

'At some future and more opportune time I promise to make a further public statement, and I am inclined to the conclusion that I would rather express my views from the platform, where I can look into the eyes of the people and they can look into mine and judge for themselves whether I am telling the truth."

BIG WELCOME FOR ROOSEVELT IN RIO

Cabinet Ministers, Government Representatives All at Pier.

Rio Janeiro, Brazil, Oct. 21.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt landed here today from the steamer Vandyke and was received on the quay of the naval arsenal by a great gathering of the most prominent people in Brazil.

Marshal Hermes Fonseca, president of the republic, was unable to be present, but he sent a special representative. All the cabinet ministers of Brazil, the minister of Argentina with the members of his legation, the presidents of the Brazilian senate and chamber of deputies, a representative parliamentary committee, the chief commissioner of police, the presidents of the various tribunals of the high court of justice, the members of the municipal council headed by the major of Rio Janeiro, many members of the diplomatic corps, high functionaries of the government and military and naval officers in full uniform, were among the welcoming delegations.

A procession, headed by Colonel Roosevelt and the representative of the president of Brazil, proceeded to a reception room in the naval arsenal, which was decorated with Brazilian flags and the stars and stripes intertwined. Here Col. Roosevelt and the members of his party were introduced to the leading officials.

After this ceremony, Col. Roosevelt was conducted to the Guanabara Palace, where he will reside during his sojourn here. All the newspapers today published articles welcoming Roosevelt.

First Indian to Be Register of Treasury

GABE E. PARKER

Washington, Oct. 15.—Gabe E. Parker, a descendant of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, is the new register of the treasury of the United States. He was born in Oklahoma 36 years ago, received a good education and became superintendent of the Armstrong Academy, an Indian school in Oklahoma. He is the first man of Indian blood who ever held so important an office.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—40 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

MALE HELP WANTED.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. C. Shepard Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HELP WANTED.

Men and women over 18 wanted for U. S. Government positions. $6 to $150 month. Thousands of appointments this year. "Pull" unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Common education sufficient. Write for free book of positions open to you. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-31, Rochester, N. Y.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions" patent buyers and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 57, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE FOR 6 MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTMENT FOR PROFIT." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 407, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50—$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

I Will Start You in the Mail Order business "free," if you will handle my goods. Crest Company, Atlantic City, N. J.

Agents Wanted to Sell Household Specialties $5 to $10 a day made easily. Mississippi Sales Co., Potts-Camp, Miss.

AGENTS—Snappiest Household Line on earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters; over 150 different articles; goods guaranteed; 100 per cent profit. Write quick. Hurry. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6730 Sycamore st., Cincinnati, O.

FARMS WANTED

Want to Buy Good Farm, Well Located, From owner only. Give price and description. Drost, Box 754, Chicago.

POSTCARDS.

10 Fine Colored and Glazed View Post Cards for 5c in stamps. New Jersey Post Card Co., 681 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONGS—POEMS. Don't waste your money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered song poems and music writers. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Publishers, 49-J, West 28th Street, New York City.

SONG POEMS published free or sold for cash. Mss. Sales Co., 57-H, W. 28th St., New York City.

Something Wouldn't Do Without. Send 10c. B. Church, 729 Washington St., Oakland, Cal.

HEIRS

Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich but don't know it. Over 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. INTERNATIONAL CLAIM AGENCY, 8, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free report as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. My free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—NOW. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

Best Conditioner Worm Expeller. Death to Heaves "Guaranteed or Money Back." Coughs, Distemper, Indigestion. NEWTON'S 50c, $1.00 per can. Large for Horses. At druggists' or sent postpaid. THE NEWTON REMEDY CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

LADIES To SEW at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 25, Walnut Street, Phil., Pa.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY Selling guaranteed Steel Mantle Burners. Make coal oil produce gas. Every home buys. Experience unnecessary. Sample 25c. Particulars free. Write today. STEEL MANTLE LIGHT CO. 328 Huron Street TOLEDO, O.

Old Coins WANTED. $1 to $600 paid for hundreds of coins dated before 1884. Send 10 cents for our illustrated coin value book. It may mean your fortune. OLD COIN CO., 302 EAST 51st ST., CHICAGO

BE A DETECTIVE Earn $150 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 205 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

SONG POEMS WANTED We pay 50 per cent. Send poems or melodies; they may make you a fortune. Hayworth Music Co., 796, Washington, D. C.

BOY'S TYPEWRITER FREE Send at once for particulars. B. B. Van Hoy, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NEW FEATHER BEDS ONLY $6.50 Full weight 36 pounds. New, clean and odorless. 6-pound Pillows $1.08 per pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalogue. Address SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 1093, Greensboro, N. C.

12 POST CARDS FREE We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will mention this paper and send 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show our cards to 6 of your friends. D-31, New Ideas Card Co., 233 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS A BRAND NEW LIGHTER. Novel watch-shaped lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time. No electricity, no battery, no wires, non-explosive; does away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigar, cigarette, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain. Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices. T. B. Brandt Lighter Co., 148 Duane St., N. Y.

WANTED MEN to learn the Barber Trade. Big Wages. Always Sure of Work. We teach you quickly, cheaply, thoroughly. Tools furnished. We give you actual shop experience and you keep half the receipts. Our students in big demand. We have 33 big colleges in principal cities. Write at once for catalogue and particulars. MOLER SYSTEM OF COLLEGES, 101 Prospect Ave., N. W., Cleveland, O.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES Save $8.00 to $22.00 on Hoosier Heaters and Ranges. Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory Prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty Days Free Trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices. HOOSIER STOVE CO., 324 State St., Marion, Ind. Base Burner

Swedish Prince May Be Called to Throne

CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND CHILD

Crown Prince Gustav Adolph will become king of Sweeden if the illness of his father, King Gustav V., turns out fatally. Prince Gustav married in 1905 Princess Margaret of Connaught, daughter of the Duke of Connaught, and they have three sons and one daughter. Prince Gustav is shown here with his daughter, Princess Ingrid.

MINERS MUST QUIT HOMES

May No Longer Live in Houses Owned by Company.

Calumet, Mich., Oct. 16.—Eviction notices on copper strikers in houses owned by the Champion Copper Co. at Painesdale, were served this morning. Similar action is said to be contemplated by the Calumet and Hecla Mining Co. in Calumet. Since the beginning of the walk-out on July 23rd, strikers have been permitted to live in company houses, and have paid no rent.

In Calumet the windows of a sleep-strike breakers were smashed.

WIFE STICKS ON THE SHIP

Refuses to Leave Wreck Till Captain Goes.

San Francisco, Oct. 17.—"If it is safe for you to remain, it is safe for me, and here I stay as long as you do," Mrs. A. F. Asplund, wife of the master of the wrecked steam schooner Merced, told her husband, who urged her to enter the lifeboats which took off the passengers and crew.

The Merced hit the rocks near Eureka, Cal., Wednesday night, and not until the doomed ship's decks were awash did the captain and his wife leave. They are en route to this city on the steamer Yosemite, summoned to the wreck by wireless.

STUDIES EVIL OF SLUMS

Woods Hutchinson Believes State Should Train Defectives.

New York, Oct. 21.—Dr. Woods Hutchinson, fresh from his studies of social conditions in Europe, yesterday gave his plan for the eradication of the evils of the slums. He said:

"When I was in London I made it a point to spend much time in the slums. I became well acquainted in the section where Jack the Ripper held forth. I found that practically three-fourths of the inhabitants of the slums are not up to the physical standard. The defectives make the rounds of the charitable institutions where they know food and coffee will be served at different hours and thus the total seems large.

"My opinion is that it is the duty of the state to take these persons, place them on a farm and train them. They will then be self-supporting at least, segregated, and will not breed their own kind.

GREAT ARMIES IN REVIEW

Celebration of Defeat of Napoleon Held in Vienna.

Vienna, Oct. 16.—A splendid military review was held here today in celebration of the centenary of the battle of the nations fought at Leipsic on October 16-19, 1813, when 200,000 of the allied army of Austrians, Prussians, Russians, Swedes and Saxons commanded by the Austrian field marshal, Prince Karl Phillip Von Schwarzenberg, defeated Napoleon with an army of about 180,000 French troops. The combined casualties of both armies were 94,000 killed and wounded; 30,000 French were taken prisoners.

STEM WIND & SET. WATCH RING and CHAIN FREE SELLING NEEDLE BOOKS. We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, RICHLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Im. Diamond Ring for selling 20 Needle Books at 10c. Each book contains 3 packs large-eyed needles and 8 darning wool carpet needles. Order 20 books, when sold send us $2. We will send you Watch, Chain & Ring. Willard Watch Co. Dept. 1088 Chicago.

98 cents. 5 YEAR GUARANTEE. Railroad Watch. To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalog of Elgin Watches we will send this elegant Railroad watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.